GREYHOUND FANNY

MARTHA MORLEY STEWART

, Clarence Smith

from
Papa & Mama.

GREYHOUND FANNY

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By MARTHA MORLEY STEWART

"As she talked to me, I could understand what she meant."

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BY

MARTHA MORLEY STEWART

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TO HUGH McBIRNEY III, the bearer of an honored name, and the worthy scion of a goodly lineage, whose native qualities of mind and heart, under the gracious nurture Providence has accorded him and the chrism of the noble church within which his life is unfolding, already find utterance in an ideal boyhood and give promise of a high and godly manhood, this book is dedicated with tender affection and appreciation.

PREFACE

THE writer of this book, it is needless to say, loves dumb animals, and shrubs and flowers, and boys and girls also, and has that intelligence about them which love begets.

"Greyhound Fanny" tells an interesting tale about herself, now glad, now pathetic, that will hold the attention of the boys and girls who read it, as it has done for those who heard it before it saw print.

Life and variety are found in its chapters by the introduction of Fanny's friends, and she has a host of them, horses and cats, and monkeys and rats, and birds and other dogs, to say nothing of human beings. And, O, what a lot of queer stories she is able to repeat!

Mrs. Stewart exhibits skill, but lays no claim to high literary merit; her motive being simply to instill in the minds of the young the primary duty of treating the lower animals, as well as one another, with sympathy and kindness. Was the lesson ever more needed?

To write this word of introduction or commendation is not to pass in every case on the natural history here inculcated, but only to express our opinion that the work, as a whole, will make a useful and entertaining text-book for our public schools. Their privileges in these modern days make so different a picture from what some of us used to know, and which Lowell crystallized in his "charcoal portrait of the schooldame,"

"Who 'mid the volleyed learning, firm and calm,
Patted the furloughed ferrule on her palm,
And, to our wonder, could detect at once,
Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dunce."

JAMES M. GRAY.

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A TRIBUTE

I CANNOT send this little volume forth on its mission to the dear children without paying a tribute to "The Beautiful Lady" through whose guidance I learned to do the work in the humane cause which has led to the writing of the story of "Greyhound Fanny."

I can never forget how, toward the evening hour of a day in my young life, a carriage drawn by a superb span of horses drew up before my door and a footman in livery assisted Mrs. Emma Bradley, who is the beautiful lady of my story, to ascend the steps leading to my home.

The low, musical tones of her voice fascinated me, and when she told me that her call concerned a humane cause dear to her, and in her winning manner asked me to form a band of mercy among the children, her personal charms were sufficient, apart from the appeal of mercy to my heart, to enlist me in this great work, and I at once promised to do all that I could under her guidance. The many years which she devoted to her beloved philanthropy and the wealth she gave to it lent an invaluable aid for a broader sympathy for all living things, and the story of "Greyhound Fanny" will not have been written in vain if it brings aid to the mute appeal of the helpless.

MARTHA MORLEY STEWART.

April 30, 1912.

GREYHOUND FANNY

GREYHOUND FANNY

CHAPTER I

MEANDERINGS

If I have borrowed from a friend,
I borrow but to lend again.

I WAS born in a kennel owned by a wealthy gentleman, and am a descendant of the English race of greyhounds. My breed runs back to antiquity; we are the only race of dogs that has retained its natural shape and characteristics, and I am justly proud of my ancestry.

While a puppy, I was taken away from my kennel and placed in the home of a doctor, where I lived but three months. I do not remember much of this home, except that the doctor's mother kept house for him, and that she was white-haired, and very gentle and good. It is a satisfaction, though, to learn that there is a time in the lives of even young children when they, too, cannot remember. I think that having to leave the kind doctor must have awakened my memory-sense, for with that change came my first vivid recollection. It was the beginning of what I am pleased to call my companionship with my Beautiful Lady, of whom you will learn much from the lines of this book.

For several years my Beautiful Lady's home was at Mills Dam; but her husband, who had become my master, had decided to locate his business interests at Somo City, the place where I was born, and also the

home of the kind doctor, my second master. It was on a business trip to Somo City that my Beautiful Lady's husband first saw me, and a crisp ten-dollar bill took my place in the doctor's affection.

My new master did not wish to move his family to Somo City until he had built a house there. So my Beautiful Lady, her son Arthur, eight years of age, and Harry, only two years old, were still in their old home. My master soon found a chance to send me to Mills Dam. A slender chain was clasped to my collar, and I took my first ride on the cars. When the train stopped at the station, the gentleman who had brought me here led me to my new home, and there I saw for the first time my Beautiful Lady. She was lying on a couch, and I learned afterwards that she had never been strong. There was a manner about her that entirely won my heart as no other has ever done.

She asked my name, and when the gentleman told her, her eyes filled with tears and she said: "Flossie! I can never call her that, for it is the name of a dear little friend of mine who has just been laid away forever. I shall call her Fanny. Then she put out her hand and patted my neck, and I did not care what she called me, for her soft touch made my heart so happy that I loved her at once.

Now that I have made you acquainted with my lineage and birth, I wish you to know how I came to write this book, near the close of my long life. One evening I heard Arthur say, as he looked up from his reading: "Mother, why don't you write a book?"

"Would you like me to do so?," she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

I saw by the anxious expression on her face that this was not a new thought to her. The idea pleased me, too,

for I had heard much talk about a book that was written by a horse, and I wondered, if that were true, why a thorough-bred dog could not do so as well. Though I could not quite understand how it could be done by either, I began to listen, with great interest, to the conversation of people on humane subjects, and I knew that my Beautiful Lady's library contained many books and leaflets, written, as I supposed, by different animals, for at the top of one little monthly paper it read: "Our Dumb Animals."

My Beautiful Lady often spoke of the sagacity of animals, and I learned to think very highly of them. One day while talking to some ladies she said: "The meager knowledge which many people have of animals comes simply from a lack of observation." After that I decided to look deeply into the matter. One day I heard her say there is a great work to be done for all living creatures, and I noticed that her happiest moments were when she was correcting some wrong, or doing an act of kindness. I think now that the Spirit of Great Love must have shed his sweet influence over me, giving me a desire to pattern after her, and I decided that my own animal kingdom was the place for me to begin my work.

I felt anxious to know what "sagacious" meant. One day when I heard her use the word I walked over to Arthur, wagging my tail and whining softly to attract his attention, just as I do when I am thirsty. Arthur seldom caught my meaning as quickly as his mother did, but this time he asked: "Fanny, what do you wish — to know what mamma is talking about? I have noticed that you are always uneasy when we use that word in your presence." I must have had a glad expression in my eye, for he said, and that

without looking into any book: "One of the wisest men tells us that sagacious means 'quick of thought, acute in penetration, wise in foreseeing things,' and I think this is true of you, as you seem to be ever on the alert when we are talking, and your eyes follow the face of each speaker as though you understood and only lacked the gift of speech to join in the conversation." Since then my Beautiful Lady and Arthur have so often explained words to me that I have become a very knowing dog.

My Beautiful Lady smiled at Arthur's remark, and walked slowly out of the room and I could not find her for some moments. At last I spied her sitting quietly looking out of the window, a shade of sadness on her face. I decided to delay no longer, and tried to make her understand that I wished to talk with her about writing a book. But, oh, how could I? I tried to speak, but my words sounded like the bark of any dog. I leaped to and fro, showing my agitation as well as I knew how, and then finding myself powerless, I laid my nose upon her hand and tried to look what I could not speak.

"Fanny," she said, "what are you thinking of? You are restless, and your eyes are very wistful. I wonder whether your thoughts are following mine about a book for dumb animals?"

I wish that I could tell you how my heart beat with joy to know that she understood me. I wagged, not only my tail, but my whole body, and whined in loud tones which must have expressed much, for she asked: "Do you know what you and I will do? You shall come every day and lie down by my side while I write out the story, just as you would if you could use a pen. As great authors have given their thoughts to others,

you shall be my inspiration, and thus really and truly be the author. Our book shall be given to little children and to grown-up children to read, just as if written by an intelligent dog."

Could it be true? My own Beautiful Lady to write for me! I was thrilled with delight. Yes, she understood dumb animals if anyone ever did. And her hand was to write the words for me! Oh, I was so happy, for I knew that if she could arouse the same deep feelings in the hearts of my readers which her hand aroused in mine, when it lay in kindness upon my head, then my book would stir the love and pity of all who should read it, and do far more good for my race than I could ever have done.

My Beautiful Lady went on talking more to herself than to me: "There are several threads that might be used in writing this story," she said.

Now this talk about threads worried me, for I had noticed that pen and ink were used in writing books. "But," she continued, "two threads will be enough — a thread of truth and a thread of sympathy, which may be thrown by the shuttle of charity through every life which God has created."

Then in her quiet and beautiful way she repeated some verses which I have heard her tell Harry he would find in the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, in that Book which so often lay open upon her lap.

My Beautiful Lady wondered whether I would like to have the history of my own life written, saying, "The links which have formed its chain are those of joy and sorrow." This partly explained to me what had never been clear before. I remembered that sometimes when a chain was clasped to a collar about my neck, I would bound with delight; so I supposed that the

links of that chain were made of joy. But again when a chain was clasped to a collar about my neck my heart was heavy, and the sounds of those links were like funeral peals to me. Those were the links of sorrow, I suppose. The thought that the book should contain the story of my life had not occurred to me, and I looked up with an inquiring face to know whether there had been anything notable in my career, the career of a dog. Taking my face in her hand, my Beautiful Lady said:

"All life is noticed by God, even that of a little sparrow; and, if the Father of all wisdom can notice so small a thing, surely there must be something worthy of notice in the life of every creature."

She told me that my life reminded her of the lives of some great and wealthy people, at whose door sorrow had knocked and entered without being bidden. As she talked to me, I could understand what she meant, for I was born in the kennel of a wealthy gentleman, and for a time had lived in the home of a kind doctor, and now had been ten years with my Beautiful Lady. Nothing that money could buy had been lacking in any of these homes, and so great trials might come to me unbidden. My Beautiful Lady talked of the sorrows that come to the flesh and cannot be understood until the mysteries of God are rolled away. She said: "There are afflictions put upon creatures, dumb and human, by cruel hands, which would not be if there were love in the hearts of the people." She spoke of the Golden Rule, and how dogs would often kiss the hand that struck them, and of horses that would stand for hours in the pitiless storm and cold, waiting to carry home safely the drunken master who would cruelly lash and kick them, an unjust

return for their kind and faithful service. Then my Beautiful Lady's face would light up as she told me of the great work being done to teach children, as well as older people, that Christian duty and justice demand that we show mercy to all creatures.

I shall put in my book a picture of my Beautiful Lady, that you, too, may look upon her kindly, love-lit countenance, which is the result of loving thoughts and a pure heart. I know that you will think her as beautiful as I do.

Dog-fashion, I have meandered from one subject to another, trying to tell how I became an author. But my Beautiful Lady thinks you will all understand by this time, and she comforts me by saying that I shall soon set off on a dog trot, and then my story will run more smoothly.

I only wish I may live many more years to help my race. I have often heard my Beautiful Lady say she hoped she would live to be as old as her grandmother. I have looked into her face and wondered how she could say that, when she suffered so much pain; but I have learned now something of that desire to help others, and what it is that brings the actual meaning of life into the heart—yes, into the heart of even a dog.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW HOME

See! the summer days are dying,
The sun bends low to kiss the ground,
The murmuring wind is softly sighing
When autumn leaves their bed have found.
But within the home a firelight splendor
Reveals a picture of warmest hue;
The hearts that gather there are tender,
And home is fair to the loved and true.

DURING the delightful summer months, my Beautiful Lady, Arthur, Harry, and I lived at Mills Dam, while the dear husband and father was absent in Somo City attending to business and the building of the new home. In the beginning of autumn it was completed, and the family made preparations to move.

My Beautiful Lady was sad indeed to leave her old home and friends. Her grief touched me deeply, for I had never seen her cry so hard before. That night we stayed with friends who lived just opposite our old home. After Harry had gone to sleep, my Beautiful Lady said, "Come, Fanny," and led the way across the street, through the gate, and up to the great hall door.

We went in; our trunks stood in the dining-room. The moonlight fell in broad sheets upon the floor, through the uncurtained windows, casting its ghost-like shadows into the corners. My Beautiful Lady stood for a moment with her hand pressed to her forehead, then, sinking to the floor and resting her head on a trunk, gave way to her grief. To show my sym-

pathy, I thrust my nose in her face, licked her cheek, and whined. After a while she raised her face, now so beautiful to me, and, laying her hand on my head, said: "Fanny, my good and faithful friend, I hope you may never have to leave a home that has become so dear to you as has this one to me." I kissed her hand again and again; but as I was not yet old, I did not fully understand her words, nor did I dream that I would ever pass through the same painful experience.

Finally my Beautiful Lady arose and walked slowly through the bare rooms, while I was close at her side. She repeated softly the lines of a poem which I did not understand. Her conduct made me sad and restless. Ever watchful of me, however, she said: "Fanny, you do not like this, do you? Let us say good-bye to the place which has held so much of life for me and for you."

We passed into the open air, and for the last time my Beautiful Lady locked the big brown door. On her way out of the grounds, she paused beside the pansy bed, which was flooded with the bright moonlight, and, sitting down on the edge of the walk, caressed the blossoms, and murmured to her flower pets: "Pretty faces! How precious you are to me! I wish you could come out of your beds and go with me. I love your pure lives and the lessons of patience and duty you teach me. If some unkind hand plucks you and you die before the autumn season marks your length of days, still you have lived out your mission here, with your faces ever turned God-ward."

I had often, in the early morning or cool of evening, lain contentedly at my Beautiful Lady's side while she talked with her flowers; but for some reason that night I longed to have her go and leave them. I

began teasing her; she smiled through her tears and said: "You do not understand all of this, do you, my dog? No one knows the bitterness of any cup until it has been drained, and yet God is kinder than we can ever realize."

We walked slowly toward the gate, my Beautiful Lady looking upon either side, and softly repeating again those lines which were so strange to me. As she passed out into the street, she pressed her hand upon her forehead and I heard her whisper: "Help me to be strong."

My Beautiful Lady did not look at me, but straight upward; yet thinking she may have meant me, I ran and jumped and barked, and leaped as high as I could, because I knew that always pleased her. I was glad when she went and we reached our room and prepared for slumber. She put my soft warm blanket over me, and then lay down upon her own bed. I was so close beside her I could rise at any moment and touch her.

After a refreshing sleep we took an early train for Somo City. Would you like a picture of our new home?

Were my Beautiful Lady an artist, she would take her brush and paint one for you on this very page. She would picture for you a splendid old English house, with long sloping roof toward the front, studded with small, well proportioned dormers for the second and third stories with their groups of small windows.

She would also show you a winding path, extending through a well-kept garden, and up the wide steps to the front porch with its heavy interesting timber effects.

Next she would paint the massive entrance door, with its long iron hinges, leading to the large reception-hall, an example of exquisite harmony.

"She would picture for you a splendid old 'English House'."

You would see here the grand staircase and beams with their handsome carving, the wide brick mantel with its cheerful fire, and at one end, the fine old stained-glass windows, where my master and mistress planned so many happy hours.

The East side of the house would show the heavy, wide projecting cornice of the gable, with brackets and beam work throwing their shadows in fantastic shapes.

On the South were groupings of wide windows, with their deep tracery transoms, at which were two English ivys trailing their dark glossy leaves from two large bronze vases.

Here, too, was the long South porch, with its easy-chairs and soft rugs, where I used to lie and watch my Beautiful Lady.

The North side of the building was plainer and of little interest, except for its long, cool, inviting porch.

At one of the windows my Beautiful Lady would probably paint my face beside Harry's, as we often stood there together. Nor would she forget the pretty yard of clover, with its pink and white blossoms, which filled the air with sweetness. The low, wide, hedge fence divided the yard from the busy street beyond.

At the South of the house was my new kennel. It corresponded in style and outline with the house, and had a door-way in which Harry could stand erect, for he was still a little fellow. There I was to sleep, and I was locked in it for several nights; but as I was used to living with the family, I felt so strange and lonely that I moaned and whined the night through. Then my Beautiful Lady declared that I should suffer no longer, and after that I abandoned my kennel and slept in her room, as had before been my habit.

As so many lines in my book have been written with as yet hardly more than a reference to my master, I am somewhat ashamed. My Beautiful Lady said he should always have the preference, because he is the head of the house. I trust my readers will consider the fact that until our removal to Somo City I had seen very little of him. I fear I cannot understand his virtues; therefore I may not do him justice, as I should, in presenting him to you. My Beautiful Lady, I know, would say many kind things about my master, for she is not only fond, but proud of him.

He is a large man, very handsome, and I have often heard people say, when they little suspected that I was listening, that he was honest and upright in all of his business dealings. He provided richly for his family. He is especially fond of greyhounds, and I was the second that he had purchased. I suppose he expected me to choose him for my favorite friend. Perhaps I should have done so, but my Beautiful Lady won my heart first. Doubtless I have been selfish in my love for her, but I notice that little children like her, and that her eyes are full of tenderness when she speaks to them.

When I came to be with my master every day, he tried to persuade me to go to the office with him. He would play with me in the yard, and I always enjoyed the frolic; still I could never make up my mind to accompany him. After a while he knew there was no use in trying to win me from my Beautiful Lady, and he gave me to her altogether.

The one I loved next best was Harry. He was a handsome little fellow, with long golden curls. When the cold days and the snow came, and I needed a warm place, I chose the rug by the fireside, and there

Harry and I passed many happy hours that long winter. Often we would lie together, his curls about my head, his arm around my neck. Sometimes he teased me, for he had a naughty habit of pulling my ears, and it was quite hard for my Beautiful Lady to break him of this trick. Still I never thought of biting him, I loved him too much. Besides, I heard my Beautiful Lady say that if I should bite Harry it would cause her pain. Harry was very fond of his mother and we three made a happy trio.

Arthur, of course, attended school. He was good to me, when at home, and I liked him, but only as I liked his father. Sunday was our happiest day. On these afternoons we all gathered in the parlor. My master and my Beautiful Lady drew their chairs near the Oriental window to rock and talk, while I lay near the grate watching them. It mattered not to me whether the sun shone or the snow fell or the wind howled, I was loved and sheltered like a child, and I knew no thought of worry.

CHAPTER III

THE WHITE RATS

There's a lesson in the sunbeam,
There's a lesson in the flower,
There's a lesson in the moonbeam,
There's a lesson in each hour.

As we look at God's creation,
From the tiniest to the great,
There's a parable for every one
Who watcheth at Life's gate.

ONE day, as my Beautiful Lady and Harry and I were busy in the sitting room, we heard a great commotion outside, and running to the window, we saw a number of boys. Arthur seemed to be the ringleader. He was naturally boisterous — a "genuine boy," his mother called him — and whenever he appeared on any scene an awakening was sure to follow. He and another boy were carrying between them a large wooden cage, which they set down on the North porch. We opened the door, and Arthur exclaimed in a loud voice: "I've got some white rats, mamma, and dandies they are, too! Just come and look at them. They have pink eyes and their coats are as soft as silk. They are a regular circus, for they can do many tricks."

Rats! Why, any woman is supposed to run away at the very sight of a rat or a mouse. My Beautiful Lady had been able to make a pet of nearly every creature, but against rats she shared the prejudice of her sex. She did not come very near to the cage, and was doing her best to control her fear. She always

tried to show that she could be both brave and tender. Arthur took two of the largest rats in his hands and started towards my Beautiful Lady.

"Don't come any nearer, Arthur, or I shall scream," she said.

Arthur laughed and exclaimed: "Afraid of a tame rat! What harm could they do you? See how they cuddle up to my cheek! They are different from wild rats, but no rat will harm anyone if he is not first attacked. Come, mamma, lay your hand on them and see how cute they are."

But my Beautiful Lady was doubtful and bade Arthur not to come any nearer.

"What!" he exclaimed, trying to tease her. "You are a teacher of a Band of Mercy, and yet afraid of these little creatures which are as harmless as kittens, and just as good pets."

"But, Arthur, you cannot understand how I feel," my Beautiful Lady protested. "I am ashamed of my fear, but I must first become accustomed to them. Perhaps then I shall overcome my timidity. I am sure I shall try."

"Well, please, mamma, say that I shall keep them."

"I promise that you may for a few days at least, until I learn more of their ways and shall then be better able to decide what is best. Now let me see some of their tricks. Have I ever told you of the musical rat? It used to come up through a hole in the floor of a garret, where a poor young man who afterward became a great violinist, first practiced music. At first the rat would sit motionless, on its haunches; but as, the music went on, its little body would sway in rhythmic motion."

"What became of the rat?" asked one of the boys.

"A better fortune than living in a garret soon came to the player. A great master heard of the young man's talent and took him away to be his pupil. The young violinist's delight was so great that it was a number of days before he thought of his faithful little friend. When he did, he was so sorry that he had forgotten his former companion that tears came to his eyes and a flush of shame to his cheeks. But as he had no money to go back to his garret-home he could but grieve for his appreciative friend.

"Now, it happened as the master was listening to his pupil that the boy often missed a chord; and there were tears upon his cheeks when he failed to execute a perfect chord. One day his master exclaimed: 'What ails thee, lad?' An explanation followed, upon which the master said: 'It will soon forget, or has already. You must think of higher things than a rat. Come, cheer up! This weakness is beneath you.' But the heart of music was also the heart of love and fidelity, and after a few days the lad broke down completely, sobbing, 'It is of no use, master, my power is dead within me.'

"This was serious, indeed, for wonderful things had been hoped for him. The great musician saw that something must be done. So he gave the boy some money, saying: 'Take that, go and satisfy yourself that only a foolish thought has crept into your head.'

"The young lad traveled back to his miserable garret. It was too late. His little friend lay dead upon the floor. It is said that in the great player's notes in after years there were strains of pathos and tenderness more touching than those of any other violinist."

The boys looked at my Beautiful Lady, and asked whether she thought the story was true.

"It is certainly true," said my Beautiful Lady, "that rats and all other dumb creatures have been charmed by music, and that they have died of broken hearts as have the higher creatures."

Arthur was tender-hearted, but when touched with pity, boy-like, pretended not to be, so he said: "Don't get sentimental, boys; mamma knows enough such stories to fill a book. I don't want her to get started now, for a rat circus is really a funny thing, and we want to have a good laugh."

"Oh, yes," shouted the boys; "let's have the circus right away."

Harold, the boy who sold Arthur the rats, was to play trainer and Arthur was to do the outside bossing.

"Now, Harold, show mamma how the rats can climb a ladder," said Arthur.

So Harold called: "Here, Dick! Here, Dick!" Then putting his hand down into the cage he drew his finger slowly up the ladder, and the rat followed promptly, putting his little feet first on one rung, then on another. Belle, his mate, came up, too, and then they both went down the other side of the ladder together.

Next a hoop was held up and Dick jumped through it, Belle following. There was a swing in the cage, and Harold lifted Dick into it, held him until he balanced, and gave it a gentle push, when the rat sat swinging to and fro, evincing no signs of fear, but upon the contrary showing great delight in the performance.

"Let's have some music," Ward suggested. "That's the way they do at real circuses. Walter has a mouth-organ and he can play very pretty waltzes."

"Yes," assented Arthur, "as manager I ought to

have thought of that before, but Harold has kept the best act for the last."

Walter began to play upon the mouth-organ, and Harold called again, "Here, Dick; here, Belle!" Both the rats came forward, putting their feet slowly down, and turning their heads from side to side, in an attitude of listening, while Harold's call seemed lost to them, in the superior charm of the music.

"You play too loudly," complained Harold, "they can't hear my voice."

So Walter played more softly, while the rats listened more intently to the music, just as if no Harold were calling, or their names were not Dick and Belle. The boys were convinced that it was no use to try to claim their attention, and so they were all quiet until Walter had finished playing, when Ward said:

"I think the last act is the best, because it has taught us that there is some feeling in their little hearts which is so like that of delight in ours. For my part I shall never again do an unkind act to any of God's creatures."

"I think we have all learned a lesson to-day," said Arthur.

By this time my Beautiful Lady was so interested that she drew near the cage and exclaimed, as she peeped in: "O such cunning little white baby rats! I did not know that you had these little fellows here, or I would have been tempted to look much sooner."

Arthur picked up a very tiny one and said: "Hold out your hand, mamma."

My Beautiful Lady seemed now to have overcome her fear. She took the little creature at once, and pressing it to her cheek said: "I know I have been foolish to fear, but really I think that when Father

"Harry and I passed many long hours that winter."

Adam was naming the animals, Mother Eve must have been frightened by a mouse or a rat, and all of the generations since have handed down her timidity. I have seen women with as strong nerves as men who would instantly mount a chair if any one said, "Mice."

The boys laughed, and I barked loudly, so that there was little left to say on the subject. The rat cage was taken to the carriage house, and the boys went their ways.

The little rats soon became acquainted with my Beautiful Lady, and would hang on the wires, when she approached the cage, reaching out their little paws to her; and she would take them out and set them on her shoulder, and let them ride about the room, Harry and I tagging after her. Every day she would place them in her lap while she played the piano, and they would sit so still and listen so attentively, that my Beautiful Lady would say, "Watch how they are enjoying the music."

One day when Arthur was at school and his mother was out of the room, Harry took out one of the baby rats, put it on my back, and said: "Get up, Fanny! Take the baby a ride." So I trotted off at a nice little pace, wishing to please him, but the little creature rolled off and fell on the floor and when it was picked up it was quite dead.

When Arthur came home from school he cried very hard; but, at the same time, he gave Harry an awful scolding. My Beautiful Lady did all that she could to soothe Arthur's grief by telling him that she did not know that his pet was in danger, and that Harry was too young to understand the peril he had placed the little rat in.

We all received some humane lessons* from the little rat: Arthur, that he should have guarded his pet more carefully, and Harry that he should not have attempted to do anything without his mother's consent. My Beautiful Lady said: "If one has true heart-culture, there is no fear." We all learned that even these little creatures were animated with like feelings to those in our own breasts.

* As my Beautiful Lady explained to the boys, to be really humane means having a disposition to treat all creatures, both human and dumb, with a feeling of compassion, benevolence, and that tenderness which will develope true heart-culture, and help every one, young and old, to be fearless in acts of mercy, which spares all from needless sufferings, and inflicted pain.

"And other songsters lived in cages whose doors were often left open."

CHAPTER IV

BLIND BILLY

"I have not lived in vain
If I but stop one tear or heal a wrong,
Or lift a fainting robin into her nest again,
I have not lived in vain."

A FEW blocks from our lovely home in Somo City lived Mr. White and his family, whose acquaintance my Beautiful Lady and I made shortly after moving there. Their home was a place where the weary might rest, or the sorrowing find comfort. There was a bond of sympathy between Mrs. White and my Beautiful Lady. They called on each other often. I became a great favorite of Mrs. White's and was often allowed to go alone to see her.

The home was a pretty cottage, tastefully furnished, and bore an air of perfect neatness—a characteristic of Mrs. White's. She was a lover of nature, especially appreciative of the beneficent gifts created for the use and companionship of man. One day during a conversation concerning these things, she said:

"I think of this world as one of the many mansions provided for me, and of all created things as its furnishings. If I am ungrateful for even the least useful gift, how can I expect those of a higher order?"

Mrs. White's windows and porches were filled with plants and flowers, where canaries and other songsters lived in cages whose doors were often left open while she was near.

The cages were not made of brass or painted in

colors, because both are injurious to life; but the various colored foliage and flowers caused the birds to forget the appearance of the dull wires.

These birds were taught many interesting and intelligent things. One pretty one, when asked what ailed its foot, would draw it under its wing and hop off on one leg. This dear cottage faced a shady little park, and many happy summer hours were passed there by Mrs. White, my Beautiful Lady, the birds and me. The ladies sat on low seats with their hand-work, I lay close to them, and the birds hung in their cages amidst the thickest branches of the trees, which made them feel quite free. We all noticed how enthusiastically and in what wonderful long, enchanting notes they sang while there.

When Mrs. White called them, I did not wonder that they fluttered down upon her hand; and when she raised them to her face, they softly pecked her lips; I supposed it a bird-way of kissing, the same as I have a dog-way of doing to one I love.

One of those precious hours lives vividly now in my memory. It was filled with a discussion between these most humane friends, as to whether it is right or wrong to cage birds at all.

Mrs. White said: "How could we now free the domestic canary which, once naturally wild, through change and habit, has become helpless and timid, unwary of the untrained cat or dog or heartless hunter. Are not their present characteristics of peace and contentment in their so-called prisoned lives, lessons to us of wisdom and patience?"

"But, Mrs. French," said Mrs. White, "I have wondered why you do not have any birds. Did you ever keep them?"

"Only once. A little English robin fell out of the nest in the honeysuckle bush near my door. The birds always nested in these bushes because they liked the red berries for their young. The little thing was a weakling, so I took special care of her. For some reason she did not leave with the others, and I took her into the house so much that she learned to live indoors. Yet she was free to fly to the bushes and trees, and often did, returning only as she chose. I named her Annie, and she answered when I called her name, even from the trees.

"When I was a little girl I read a legend: how the goddess of music became very sad because there lived in her soul a melody — a cadence — that by mortal ear had never been heard. She dwelt much upon this theme. How could those strains be produced? Where could she find a voice to express them? No golden stringed harp had yet touched them. The wooing wind sang but few notes. The laughing waters did not murmur all she had felt. If she could gather from somewhere this music, she would pour its great power with its most perfect enchantment, over all the world.

"At last, discouraged and weary, the goddess fell asleep, but one day she awoke, for that delicate music had reached her. It came from the throat of a bird. She listened until he had finished his song. He had compassed every strain of that song in her soul. 'Twas that music which sings of the soul. Radiant — more radiant than ever before, the goddess arose and smiled as she said: 'Go, little bird, with thy soul-filling message thou hast learned of the angels in the clouds, and sing it in thine own gifted way o'er the land and the sea — ever free, ever free — to awaken and fill with unspeakable praise every life on this earth and

attune it with the celestial above; no voice of man nor instrument shall ever fully possess that sweet benediction held secret in the charm of bird song.'

"To my childish heart this was not a legend, but very fact; its influence can be likened to that of a blue covered book which my now dear angel mother read to me in childhood days. Its story lessons, impressed upon my young spirit through the repeated rehearsals of its most touching parts, exerted an influence upon my life which eternity can never efface."

But I must ask pardon for this reverie upon an hour so dear to me, for I know my readers must have become anxious to hear about blind Billy.

Now we will step around the corner of the house and look into the broad-open door of the barn to see Billy, the handsome, patient horse standing in his stall, blind. He hears our footsteps, and as he has never known any unkindness he has no fear, but whinnies loud and long, which means in our language, "Come in and pat my neck and stroke my coat. Did you bring me a crust of bread or an apple?" Poor blind Billy! How sad it is! Yet are we not glad to know that much kindness is shown him, to make his afflicted life brighter?

I hear a little voice asking, "Is Billy ever taken out of the stable?" "Yes," I answer, for I have spent many a pleasant hour leaping and running along by his side, while he drew Mrs. White and my Beautiful Lady in the carriage. I remember the first time we went together; Mrs. White would say: "Take care, Billy, and lift your feet, for there is a bad place in the road." Then he would walk more cautiously until she would say, "All right now, trot along." Then he would

"Poor Blind Billy! How sad it is!"

quicken his pace, never afraid, for he depended upon every word his mistress said.

One day we went into the woods to gather the sweet trailing arbutus. Did you ever see it growing, or have you ever bought it from a little flower-girl? No doubt some of my readers have not, so I will tell you something about it, for I have lived where it grew plentifully. It has tiny pink or white bell-shaped flowers, which lie very close to the ground, half hidden under a thick fall covering, for it is found even as the snow is going. I have been in beds of it, and its sweet perfume made me wish to lie there forever. It was while I was resting in one of these beds of arbutus that I learned, from the conversation between the ladies, something of Billy's life and how he became blind.

In answer to my Beautiful Lady's question, "How long have you owned Billy?" Mrs. White replied: "Let me think. Why, it is twenty-one years. We bought him when he was three years old, and now he is twenty-four. Mr. White was sheriff then, and needed a swift horse. One day a man accosted him on the street, and asked if he knew where he could sell a colt, to which question my husband answered, 'I can find a buyer if your colt is quick-footed.' The man invited Mr. White to get into the carriage and try the horse for himself. After an hour's drive he was so pleased with the horse that he bought him, paying a good price."

"He has not been very valuable to you on account of his blindness, I suppose," my Beautiful Lady said.

"Oh, yes, indeed he has," said Mrs. White, "he more than paid his price in one act before he became

blind, and since then his intelligence has seemed almost human."

"How did he become blind?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to say from having pink-eye, but I always feel more like saying through the ignorance and carelessness of a so-called veterinarian. Pink-eye raged that fall among the horses. When Billy caught it, we sent for a doctor. He said it was only a slight attack; that he could be cured in a day or two. This statement satisfied us so that Mr. White, who was very busy, did not pay much attention to Billy's eyes. But on the third day I discovered his eyes were much worse, and he was suffering great pain. I sent for our family physician, who said the medicine we had used in Billy's eyes was very injurious, and must be discontinued at once. It was too late, however, and poor Billy's eyes were so inflamed and irritated that he became totally blind."

"Did you not feel like punishing the veterinary?" my Beautiful Lady asked.

"Indeed, we did, and he was punished to the extent of the law. We determined he should suffer for his malpractice, even though his victim was only a horse. We found out that the doctor had no diploma. Just the day before his arrest, he administered the wrong remedy to another valuable horse, causing its death, and this proceeding put a stop to his practice. The law should look after diplomas of physicians for animals just as closely as of those for the human family.

"Nothing could bring back Billy's sight?" my Beautiful Lady asked, with a pathetic sigh.

"No; he has been blind now for ten years," said Mrs. White, "and twice during that time we have not been able to buy grain for him; but we would not part

with him, and he has never suffered for a warm, clean bed. I found that he could live on vegetable parings, stale bread, some hay, and plenty of water. I do not think that any one can say he ever lacked for flesh on his bones."

"You will never sell him, I suppose?" questioned my Beautiful Lady.

"No, no, no indeed, I shall never allow a strange hand to pull his reins. His affliction came to him while he was doing valuable service for us and humanity and I could not be so ungrateful as to turn him away now."

My Beautiful Lady took her friend's hand and exclaimed: "Surely the spirit of infinite love and mercy rule your heart and life."

Mrs. White replied, "If the tender words of unmingled love would possess us and lead us to treat with perfect kindness our mute and helpless companions, if we would think often of the simple golden rule when occasions for mercy and unselfishness present themselves in our daily experiences, then this world would be a place of perfect happiness.

Their talk was very interesting and elevating, but as the sun was low I knew it was time to start for home, so I rubbed my nose against my Beautiful Lady's hand, and let her know in my dog language that it was time to go home. In answer to my request, she laid her soft hand on my neck, and taking out her watch, said: "It is five o'clock and our baskets are running over with flowers. We must start so as not to hurry Billy, for we want to go around by the Cripples' Home and leave these cheering tokens of love."

Billy had been unhitched and allowed to nibble the tender boughs and grass. It was but a few minutes before we were ready to start. I was glad to run ahead alone, and enjoy the things which delighted me most. I heard no more conversation, but when I lay down to sleep that night I felt the day had been one of unusual profit and pleasure, even to a dog.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRE

ONE August day my Beautiful Lady decided to close the house for a short time and take the children away for a visit. As we were getting ready to go, Mrs. White called to say she would be glad to have me stay with her. After some talk the invitation was accepted. I was not exactly pleased with this arrangement; but, as I was fond of Mrs. White, I went with her uncomplainingly.

Nothing of particular interest occurred until the third night of my stay. I had begun to feel very lonesome, and could eat no supper. In the evening I took a run down to our house, and lay for a long time on the front porch, wishing for the return of the family. About nine o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. White came to the gate calling, "Fanny, Fanny, here Fanny!" I ran out to meet them, when Mr. White said: "I guessed rightly, didn't I? You gave us quite a scare by taking French leave. We would not have anything happen to you, for it would grieve us as well as your mistress."

I was rather glad that they had called me, for the house was dark and lonely. When we arrived at Mrs. White's it was bed-time, and she covered me with a warm blanket. The shades were drawn in all of the rooms but one. Through the windows of this the pale moonlight flooded every object with a soft shimmer. I walked about, trying every corner for a nap, but all in vain, I could not sleep. Late in the

night I was conscious of something urging me to go to my own dear home. I went to the window from which I could plainly see the spot I loved so well. Oh, what a howl of terror I set up, followed by another and another until the inmates of the house were awakened and Mrs. White came running in to see what ailed me. My dear home was in flames, and in my frenzy I tried to leap through the window. Then Mrs. White discovered the raging fire. She threw up her hands and screamed: "The flames are in full power! Poor Mrs. French will suffer keenly!" This brought to the room Mr. White, who said they must hasten over and assist Mr. French.

I was tearing madly about, in a wholly vain attempt to get out. As Mr. White unlocked the door, he said to his wife: "Don't let Fanny go. I fear she will run into the flames and be burned."

But his warning was too late, and I dashed away, covering the distance with leaps which far outstretched any others of all my life. How I was filled with terror as I heard the hollow sounds of the firemen's voices amid the clash and rattle of falling things. When I reached the house, people were gathered from all around, and were trying to check the flames which were eating up so much beauty and comfort. I ran from one to another, moaning and whining. Some noticed my anguish, but most were too excited to think of a poor dog. No one seemed to know just what to do, but people ran about, telling others to "hurry, hurry." There were only three who worked with keen presence of mind.

My Lady's pastor had carried out a few choice things which his wife had told him where to find, and a young girl and a grocery boy had carried the china and

silver through the back way and across the road, and not one piece was lost or broken.

Mrs. White was surprised to find that she had been thoughtful enough in her excitement to bring my chain with her, and when at last I heard her voice above that awful din, I gladly dropped down at her feet, while she clasped my collar around my neck. My poor master stood beside us with heavy tears in his eyes, and something I had never felt before drew me to him.

The house burned till the first red dawn of day. The Oriental window stood out to the very last, as though to mock us with the thoughts of those happy, happy hours which memory still pictures. Some wept as they spoke of the many pleasant entertainments in that once lovely home. Every one felt so sorry for my Beautiful Lady, and grieved as though her loss was a personal one to them.

After every part of the house had fallen into the smoking mass, we all went to breakfast. I could not eat, but kept up a low and constant moaning. After a while I crept back to the scene of the fire. There were some women there, and as they tried to make the yard look better, for my Beautiful Lady's sake when she should come, I heard them say: "We will put these in the corner of the yard, for they are keepsakes of hers and she may want to treasure them, soiled and scorched as they are."

When Mrs. White went back to the ruins she told the ladies that Mr. French had telegraphed for the family, who would probably arrive at noon.

My readers will hardly believe what I am going to tell them, but it is true. I went to the station and waited there until the train came in. When my

master had assisted my Beautiful Lady from the train, I raced around and around her, barking and showing my delight just as plainly as though I had said: "I am so glad to know that you are safe." It was a sad sight to see my Beautiful Lady, Harry, Arthur and my master in tears. My Beautiful Lady said she could not understand how or why all of this had happened, but no doubt it was for some good purpose, and as we were all safe and unharmed, she would with patience bear all loss.

We went to Mrs. White's home for dinner, and in speaking of the fire she said: "I think few could have witnessed the intelligence displayed by Fanny last night and to-day without feeling a deep respect for dumb animals."

"What did she do?" questioned my Beautiful Lady.

Mrs. White related all that had happened in regard to the fire, and added: "While I was attending to my morning work I missed Fanny and thought perhaps she had gone back to the ruins. Presently I saw her crossing the park with something in her mouth. Once or twice she laid it down and looked cautiously behind her. Reassured that no one was following her, she ran until she reached my door. I discovered she had one of your shoes in her mouth, which she laid at my feet. Then, raising her head, she howled so madly that I was startled. In a moment she became calmer, and laid her nose on the shoe and moaned so pitifully that tears ran down my cheeks. It seemed to me that because she had found your shoe she thought you had been burned, and was trying to ask me: 'Is this all that I have left of her?'"

"Dear Fanny," my Beautiful Lady said, "I shall try as long as I live to remember her rightful rank of

Mrs. White related all that had happened in regard to the fire.

intelligence and the bond of sympathy between us. She has grown wiser from day to day, and I have often remarked to the boys that she seemed more like a child about the house than a dog. I presume many people would doubt what you said of her, and I think it is too bad that they do not look more deeply into the instincts of these affectionate dumb servants and companions. Fanny, come here and let me look into your face."

I jumped up quickly, wagging myself prodigiously, kissing her hands and nibbling at her sleeves to express my joy at being talked about so kindly.

Then, turning to Mrs. White, my Beautiful Lady said: "Look at her intelligent eyes. Do they not speak a silent language? Are they not as full of meaning as any human being's? I hope God will help me to understand this dear friend and companion better than I have, and teach me to respect her rights, and thus assist in teaching others to treat animals kindly."

Just here I wish to whisper, not a secret, but a truth in your ears. My Beautiful Lady has kept her vow, and she will never have to answer to God for any cruelty, neglect, or indifference to anything, whether high or low. This is the reason why everyone who knows her loves her. Wherever she is, her actions reveal the noble character that is hers.

CHAPTER VI

ANOTHER MOVE

ON the day following the fire, my master found a boarding place at Mrs. Roberts', for which we felt very grateful, as my Beautiful Lady was thus enabled to avoid the unpleasantness of being in a hotel or a public boarding house. Two large pleasant rooms on the second floor and a sitting-room on the first floor made convenient and comfortable quarters. But almost before we were settled my Beautiful Lady began to look around to see where I was to sleep. My master did not think it right to ask to have me sleep in the house, and suggested that I could have a very comfortable bed in the carriage house.

"That would be very desirable for some dogs," my Beautiful Lady said, "but Fanny is not used to such surroundings. As the flames have spared her kennel, why can it not be moved over here and placed in the back yard? I think that Mrs. Roberts would not object, and I shall feel better if Fanny is comfortably housed in that."

My master, who was at all times willing to please my Beautiful Lady, consented to ask of Mrs. Roberts this favor.

I knew that I was the one most concerned, and wanted to talk, too. I ran from one to another, looking anxiously into their faces, and giving low, short barks. A new feeling had been awakened in my breast, which I could not explain for lack of words. Ever since the night of that dreadful fire a deep fear had seized me,

making me feel that I could not bear to be away from my Beautiful Lady for a single night.

When Arthur came home at noon his papa told him of the plan that had been decided upon and told him to move the kennel and have it ready by night.

"Oh, a house moving!" shouted Arthur. "That will just suit Ward and me. I think now that Fanny will appreciate cast-off favors, and show herself a worthy dog by sleeping soundly nights in her own kennel, and letting people rest undisturbed in their comfortable beds. Won't you, old dog?"

The boys felt they had a big undertaking on hand, and blustered about in their haste to get started.

I did not go about with Arthur very often, but I decided to follow him, for I was anxious about my kennel. As I leaped out of the door and dashed after him, I heard Ward say: "I do believe that Fanny knows where we are going, for she has been very attentive to all that has been said."

"She knows that she was a naughty dog not to sleep in her pretty castle, and wants to tell us how good she will be," answered Arthur.

As I heard this conversation, I stopped trying to make Arthur understand, and did feel ashamed as I followed the boys that afternoon, watching their work, which was all on my account.

After supper we gathered in the sitting-room and the Roberts family was invited to sit with us. I crept close to my Beautiful Lady's side, where she could lay her gentle hand on my head, and listened attentively to the general conversation.

"How did you like your afternoon's work?" asked Mr. Roberts of Ward.

"Finely," he answered promptly, "but it was no

work at all. Charles got leave of absence for an hour, and came with his delivery wagon and horse and we called some boys who were going along the street to help us lift the house. It took only an hour, after we got started, to get it in shape for Fanny."

I tried to look pleased, but waited for my Beautiful Lady to speak.

"I think Fanny will be a good dog now," she said, "and sleep in her comfortable quarters. There are many little children in this place who are not so well cared for. I will cover her to-night with her own wool blanket."

I gave a long sigh, and felt that I must be good, for I saw tears on my Lady's cheeks, and knew that she was thinking of her loss. I had seen her cry many times the last few days, and my master had frequently put his arm about her slender waist, trying to comfort her.

"Dearest," she would say in these moments, "I have lost so much that money cannot replace — gifts and keepsakes from my precious dead — that I cannot feel reconciled in this short time.

"Last night I dreamed that everything was just as it had been. When I awoke I thought I would ask you to build the house again, exactly as it was, but that seems wrong to me now. I cannot feel that God would have permitted this loss except for some good, so I must, and I will, try to bear up and comfort myself that you, my strong support, and my beautiful boys are still left to me. It is wrong to weep so over these temporal things."

My master kissed her then, saying, "It is just like you to find some sweet solace for every trouble, and a bright spot in every dark sky. You are always an

inspiration to me to be a better man." Then I saw her look into his face with the devotion of a pure, sweet soul.

In the evening we were all gathered in the parlor, and as the Roberts' and my master's family were close friends, things in general were discussed. After a while their voices seemed to fade away, and I was oppressed with the thought that some invisible power had snatched my Beautiful Lady from me. I gave a sudden start, and found I had been dreaming. You may not know it, but dogs in their sleep often live over their past life, just as people do. Springing to my feet, I heard her welcome voice saying,

"We thank you all very much for this delightful and interesting conversation. It is getting late and Fanny has finished her nap. Arthur and Ward and I will take her to bed."

Perhaps I dozed again, for it was not until I heard my Beautiful Lady say, "I will go with Fanny and see that she is well covered," that I rose to go to bed.

"I will carry her blanket," said Arthur.

When we reached the kennel my Beautiful Lady remarked: "You have fixed it very nicely, boys. I will cover Fanny so that I shall know that she is warm and comfortable."

My Beautiful Lady and the boys said good-night and the door was closed. I could not lie still, but got up and turned around a dozen times, and every now and then I would peep out of the little window,—and so I passed a most miserable night.

In the morning my Beautiful Lady let me out. I leaped through the door and put my paws on her shoulders, trying so hard to tell her what a miserable dog I was. She, too, seemed to have had very little rest, and I was anxious lest she was sick.

My Beautiful Lady took me into her bed-chamber, and my master petted me for having been so good a dog. I was pleased to be petted, but I was sure I should not be good at all another night, for I had been so wretched and miserable during those lonely hours.

I was now just three years old, and was becoming a wiser dog. After I had eaten my dinner I lay on the grass in the warm sun, and thought over my recent experience. After a little reflection, I went quietly up the stairs into my Beautiful Lady's room, and crawled under the bed, close to the wall. I thought if I could keep still until every one had gone to bed, I would be left all night in the room with her. I knew no other way to do. A child could have told her how it felt and begged her pity, but I could not. I felt rather guilty, yet I kept very still. I could not remember having been so naughty since I was a puppy. I was determined, however, to show myself a bad dog, if necessary to gain my point.

When at last my Beautiful Lady found me under the bed, I laid my nose close to the floor and whined softly as I looked at her almost defiantly. Finally she said:

"I will let Fanny stay there for a while; I think she will come out before bedtime." So they left me and went to the sitting-room, but when bedtime came I was still there, close against the wall, and no amount of coaxing could induce me to venture out. The boys tried, my master tried, and my Beautiful Lady, she whom I loved best of all, tried, but all in vain. Then Mrs. Roberts said:

"Fanny is not going to be bothered any more while she stays in my house. A dog that can show reasoning power shall be counted human so far as sleeping is

concerned, and she shall lie right by this bed every night. Come, Fanny. Come and get into your blanket. Where is it?"

"It is out in the kennel," said Harry; "I will bring it."

I knew Harry's sympathy was with me, he spoke so gladly and started so quickly.

Presently he returned, as pleased as could be, spreading out the blanket and patting it with his chubby white hands. "Come, Fanny, good dog!"

I did not need to be called twice, for I was only too glad to get into my place, and accepted, with great delight, the compliments and caresses that some might think I did not deserve.

"Mamma," said Ward, "I wish that the dog we used to have had been as smart as Fanny."

Mrs. Roberts replied: "Perhaps he was and it was our fault that he did not show the same intelligence. You know that he was whipped and made to live alone in his kennel. We never tried to make a companion of him. I never realized until to-night the perceptions of dumb animals. If a child were deprived of education and the best influences, and never taught anything, it, too, would grow up stupid and surly."

After the family had bidden each other good-night and all had given me a parting caress, I lay thinking of the kindness that had been shown to me, and wished that the dog-star would shine through countless peaceful nights for all such good people.

CHAPTER VII

BLACK PRINCE

"Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

IT seems odd, but about two weeks after the fire Mr. Roberts suggested the sale of his home to my master. It was a very pleasant and desirable place and he soon came into possession of it. It had been proffered as a shelter to our family immediately after the fire; consequently no other place could have been more home-like to us, and we settled ourselves at once by procuring servants and furnishing the house as soon as possible.

In a few days more the pleasant rules and customs of our family ways were well adjusted. Arthur said it reminded him of the pretty ribbons of a merry-go-round, each one taking up his own color and moving round and round the pole. Arthur had sayings quite his own. My Beautiful Lady called them original, and I, too, noticed that like his father, he often made people laugh with his droll and peculiar sayings, while not even a smile was visible upon his face.

The next incident of particular interest occurred a month later and on my Beautiful Lady's birthday It was during the noon hour. My master sat oppo-

site my Beautiful Lady, while Arthur was at her right and Harry at her left and nearer his papa. One could see a smiling, gladsome thought expressed in my master's face as he asked my Beautiful Lady, "Would you like a nice driving horse?"

Over her countenance there flashed a look of delight as she answered:

"Do you mean it, dear?"

"I really do," my master said, "and I have made an offer for one this morning; upon your answer rests my decision."

"Well, just at present I do not know of any greater pleasure than driving through the woods and surrounding forests," my Beautiful Lady answered.

My master was, on all occasions, a man of very few words, and so nothing more was said about the horse. That afternoon, about three o'clock, we heard the master's voice calling out, "Whoa!" Going quickly to the door, we saw him sitting in a carriage, holding a black horse, which had a very long mane and tail and sharp-looking eyes. It seemed nervous and fretting, I thought, but my Beautiful Lady was wonderfully pleased.

My master said: "Get your hat and come for a ride and see how you like your birthday gift."

"Ah, then you have bought him for me! How very kind and thoughtful you are. Wait a moment and I will be with you," my Beautiful Lady answered in a happy, cheerful voice.

When she came nearer to the horse, she laid her gentle hand on its neck and caressing him said, "You look like a prince, among your kind, and Prince shall be your name."

I had always found it mere play to outrun all of the

dogs I had ever met; to leap over half a dozen at a time, and running on, leave them far behind. But as we sped down the street, I found it not so easy to outrun my new acquaintance.

On our way I heard my Beautiful Lady say something about "Fleetfoot," and my master told her that Prince had won many a prize on the race-track.

I must say that from the first I felt uneasy about the disposition of this prince, who was to be so closely associated with my Beautiful Lady.

I noticed that my master spoke often in a quieting way and an assuring tone, for the horse was fretful and, I feared vicious, too. I had heard my Beautiful Lady often tell the boys about the horses she had driven, especially a large valuable bay, whose name was Cub, owned by her father. He was fractious and would never allow any horse to pass him, yet he was gentle under her management; and when she was a little child and sat upon his back for a ride around the yard, he would lift his feet most gently with an almost human care, lest she should fall.

My Beautiful Lady was an excellent judge of the nature and disposition of horses, and I was anxious to know what she thought of Prince, for I did not like him, and feared for her safety.

After a long time we came back home, and Prince was put in the stable. I stayed near him, and watched him closely to learn all I could. I heard my Beautiful Lady say: "Prince's blinders must be removed, to give him a full view of everything he passes, so that he will not be so nervous; and his check-rein must also be removed, for a high-spirited horse naturally holds his head high, with the support of just the reins."

We found Prince very refractory and treacherous,

and my master was disappointed in him, as he had expected my Beautiful Lady would enjoy driving him, taking the children and her friends often for a ride. Prince seemed to grow even worse, and it often required two men to get him into the harness.

One day, my Beautiful Lady succeeded in coaxing my master to let her take the reins and when she had driven Prince a little while, he really grew more gentle and seemed to respond to her touch. My master became discouraged, though, for it took two men to put Prince in the harness, and he was on the point of selling him, when my Beautiful Lady did what seemed a dangerous thing.

When a little girl, my Beautiful Lady's brother taught her how to harness and unharness the horses, because he said to be perfectly familiar with every buckle and shoe would often save a person's life, and prevent injury and fright to even a well-trained and trusted horse.

Feeling sure of managing the horse safely, she went alone into the stable. It was wonderful to see how Prince did not flinch once as she harnessed him, and how he stepped with knowing reason from side to side in the stall, making it all as easy as possible for her.

When she would say, "Whoa! Gentle Prince," he would rub his nose in her hand, or lay his head against her shoulder with a peaceful, human-like look in his eyes.

I did not feel content as I saw him do these things, and hugged so closely to her skirts that she said, "Well, Fanny, jealous nature is awake in you, I see, for my feet are getting tangled in these close quarters between you and Prince." Then I heard that low, sweet mellow laugh of hers, and her beautiful eyes gave forth that charming light, which had so often before stirred some-

thing within me, and which I had heard her friends say held some indescribable power to win both the dumb and human heart; and after a little time Prince walked out meek as a lamb, my Beautiful Lady holding the reins most lightly, not to disturb the sensitive nerves in his pink-fleshed mouth, and he and I trotted amiably down the street together.

Going to the home of a friend, Mrs. Foote, who was also a good horse-woman, my Beautiful Lady besought her to take the risk of a drive into the country, and as I followed closely at Prince's side, I was pleased to see that he was gentle, and did not once exhibit any excitable or dangerous manners, nor indeed display any of the faults my master complained of.

Some two miles out of the town lived Mrs. Drusille. Here we stopped for a drink of water and a chat. Prince was tied to a post, near the carriage-drive and back of the house.

After a pleasant call, Mrs. Drusille ordered the coachman to assist the ladies in starting, but when they undertook to get into the carriage, Prince reared up and tried to dash away. My Beautiful Lady quickly said to the man, "His mouth is very tender, and holding him by the bit hurts him. Will you please let go of the bit." The man did not obey, and my Beautiful Lady said, "It is impossible to quiet him if you do not do as I say."

The horseman still was persistent, but fortunately Mrs. Drusille, who had gone into the house for something that was left there, appeared just in time, and my Beautiful Lady said: "Your horseman refuses to obey me, and I am becoming greatly alarmed."

"But my horseman is French, and does not understand English. I will speak to him."

Then Mrs. Drusille tried to explain to the man, but he was so frightened, or stupid, that he still firmly held to the bit, Prince rearing upon his hind feet, then plunging forward again until it seemed he might drag the man to his death.

In some mysterious way my Beautiful Lady succeeded in getting the Frenchman to release his hold. Feeling the gentle touch of the reins in her kind hands, Prince quieted down without another plunge.

"Noble Prince," my Beautiful Lady said, "be quiet now, gently now, Prince." We expected Prince would dash away with her, as she stood with her slender form seemingly immovable, her delicate hands firmly holding this animal over whom men had no control. For a moment the horse showed signs of further rebellion, but as though a miracle had been performed, he suddenly lowered his head in subjection, his quivering nerves relaxing, and as my Beautiful Lady stroked his head and face, saying, "My Noble Prince, nothing shall harm you," whinnied softly like a sobbing child.

Do you believe he understood her? Well, I know he did! It may seem very strange and improbable to many that my Beautiful Lady could control that willful horse when a strong man could not, but I understood it all. 'Twas the magic touch of the hand of love, and the music of a gentle voice, speaking from the depths of a great and tender soul.

When we were starting, I heard Mrs. Drusille say, "After all, the gentlest hand is the strongest." I knew that was true, too, for when my Beautiful Lady laid her hand upon my head, I obeyed her sweet will.

Now, I will tell you another secret reason why Prince was submissive to her control. Every day since he had come to live with us, my Beautiful Lady had gone

to the stable and given him lumps of sugar, apples, and bread. She had caressed him and petted his curved and sensitive neck, thus binding his trembling and nervous heart to her through sympathy's own truest bond—love. She had won him just as she had me and every other living creature she had met since I had known her.

Strangers looked upon her with respect, which was almost reverence, but while her husband and children did not always understand her peculiarly sensitive ways, yet their constant devotion expressed how much they loved the gentle influence she shed around them.

But I must tell you how our trip ended that day. Prince had recovered from his fractious starting, and was traveling at an easy pace, and my Beautiful Lady was so pleased with her successful management of him that she wanted to surprise my master, and drove up to the office at a rapid pace.

It seems some one on the street had noticed her driving away alone, and fearing she was unable to control the horse had rushed into my master's office with the word of alarm, but no one seemed to know which way she had gone, and for two hours he had walked his office, hoping each moment to hear some tidings of his wife. So when my Beautiful Lady dashed up to the office, so gallantly, she was met by a man whose white and trembling lips could hardly express his fears. Explanations followed, and my master grew calm. Getting into the carriage he and my Beautiful Lady went for a long drive, so that she might show him that he need not fear for her safety with Prince.

As they were riding alone my master said, "I cannot yet comprehend what should make Prince so different with you." To this remark she replied, "Do you not

know that the mind of a horse apprehends our incentives with a like astuteness to that of man?" Our kindness and love always secure the good will of animals, contribute to their happiness, and alleviate their distress. Gentle ways and words tame their wildness and soothe their temper. Justice to them in all things teaches them to trust us at all times. The low sweet tones of the voice will always soothe them, while our firmness will control and quiet them."

My Beautiful Lady was never again refused permission to drive Prince. When he came dashing up to the door, driven by the horseman, she would pet him, and taking the reins in her own hands would dismiss the man for she wanted to start alone and drive by herself.

No harm ever came to her or any one when she was driving, and many a delightful day we passed riding through the winding forest roads, some of them old and grass-grown, now useless to the lumbermen, the branches of the trees touching over our heads as we passed under them.

How I enjoyed those long, cool drives, with white lilies and other woodland flowers along the roadside. Harry and Arthur loved them as well as did their mother, and were allowed to get out and gather enough bunches of the beautiful and fragrant flowers to fill the space in our carriage. I watched the pretty rabbits and squirrels—those cunning little creatures, which some boys delight to torment and hurt with sticks and stones. Did you ever think how their nests show that they have an architect's skill? And what wisdom they show in storing away in summer their winter's food! My Beautiful Lady taught me that I had no right to molest them, so while I enjoyed meeting them in my path, I

never chased or harmed them. Prince always had time to stop and nip the tender boughs, and never seemed to feel the burden of his harness. I believe that Prince, like myself, had found duty a yoke of love, for no one felt anything a burden that was done in the service of my Beautiful Lady.

CHAPTER VIII

SUMMER REST

SUMMER REST was the name of the place where my Beautiful Lady, Arthur, Harry and I passed our summer vacations.

An old-fashioned house, set well back from the road, stood in the center of the spacious grounds, which were shaded by great locust and maple trees. On hot and sultry afternoons we lay upon the thick, green grass, or lazily swung in hammocks. About this house there were bunches of white mountain lilacs and bush honeysuckles, where flocks of birds came to nest and to eat the little red berries. There were silver maples, too, that turned their white velvet leaves to listen to the whisper of the gentle wind. Hundreds of roses bloomed in the yard, and flowers of other fragrance and beauty made it an inviting place.

The tall, slender poplars along the road in front of the house looked to me like sentinels, guarding the large white house, whose green shutters added to the attractiveness of the home.

Back of the house stood the barn, where Grandpa's noble horse, Cub, had lived and died. Beyond there was a little strip of clover for the cow, where a pet lamb had also grazed. Through this ground ran a stream with brook-willows along its banks. Large oaks also grew here, casting their grateful shadows over those who came this way, and under one of these trees was a moss-grown stone, on which my Beautiful Lady used to sit when she was a little girl.

Now I am going to tell you of some of the many happy and interesting times that Arthur, Harry and I had at this delightful place.

One July morning Arthur said: "Come, Harry, this is going to be a cool day, a little hard work will do us good; bring a hammer and some nails, and I will carry the boards left from our playhouse, and we will go down to the stream and build a dam."

"All right," said Harry: "but what shall Fanny carry?"

"Oh, she may carry her body on her long legs and bark to keep us company," he answered.

"Yes, she will bark at the bull-frogs and pollywogs, and get her nose stung with the bumblebees she will stir up," said Harry.

"I shall not let her do that," Arthur said, "for it would hurt her, and that would make Mamma feel badly." And so they chatted, I keeping close to them. Harry had his hand on my neck, a habit he learned when he was quite small.

After a little the boys found just the right place to build a dam, and they set to work right merrily to construct a wall to dam back the water, and while they were sawing and hammering, my Beautiful Lady, who had missed her children came to look for them. She soon heard them chattering and giving orders in loud voices, and splashing in the water with their bare feet. They were trying to secure the wall with a gate cut in the center that they had made, but the stream kept pushing its way through the stones and sod, and floated the wall beyond their reach. The boys not discouraged, kept on with their work until they had constructed a wall they could at last securely fasten.

After a little, the boys found just the right place to build a dam.

By this time it was lunch hour, so leaving the work we all went back to the house and had lunch. After lunch, Arthur and Harry lay down in the cool hammocks and had a nap, and when they awoke, they went back and finished up the dam, I sitting on the bank watching them.

After the evening meal, we all went down to see the pretty dam to please the boys. We found the water falling over the gate in a pretty stream of crystal sheen. The sun was about to set, and the beautiful rainbow colors doubled the evening's beauties in reflection upon the water.

"Oh see the pretty ducks eating grass! I want to drive them into the stream and see them float over the dam," said Harry. "Will it hurt them, Grandma, and may I help drive them in?" asked Arthur.

"If you will not hurry them, you may, as the fall of the water is neither very deep nor very great," answered Grandma.

The boys started to drive the ducks, and I wanted to help, too, but my Beautiful Lady called me away from the chase, saying: "The ducks are not accustomed to a dog's company and you must lie by my side."

I did not like to obey her, for it would have been great sport for me, but when I looked at my Beautiful Lady, I knew that my disobedience would grieve her, and so I nestled at her side.

After some urging, with Grandma's help, the ducks were launched and sailing along quite contentedly. As they floated over the dam they ducked their breasts under the water and pointed their bills at each other, as if gabbling in their own duck language — telling us how they enjoyed the frolic.

Arthur headed them off and on to the grass, and

undertook to guide them again into the water, but Grandma said, "That's enough," and then we all sat down on the cool grass for a little chat.

"Mamma, isn't this where your pet lamb used to play?" asked Harry.

My Beautiful Lady answered: "Yes, my child, I suppose there is not an inch of this ground that her little feet have not touched."

"Please tell us all about her, and how cute she was," said Harry.

"Oh, please do, Mamma," chimed in Arthur. "I often imagine I can see her innocent, white face, and it almost seems as if I could see her coming towards me now, just as you have pictured her to us."

"I love to talk of my childhood pets, so I will tell you the story again," said my Beautiful Lady.

"When Uncle Nelson was in the stock business, and he was driving a herd of sheep, one little lamb had her leg broken. This accident happened more than three miles from here, and Uncle did not know what to do, as he had too tender a heart to leave her suffering by the roadway, and he could not think of having her killed. Suddenly he remembered me. Taking the little helpless thing in his arms he leaped again upon his horse and brought the lamb to Summer Rest.

"When I saw the pitiful little thing, I cried, for she was bleating, and I knew she was in much pain. I ran quickly to Grandpa and asked him if he would mend her broken leg. After a moment's hesitation he got some strong pasteboard, and I some strips of linen cloth, and we went to the barn where we found Grandma bathing the swollen leg in warm water. At last we had it splinted and bound, and Grandpa said it was quite a successful piece of surgery."

"Did the lamb get well and strong again?" asked Harry.

"Yes, after a time, but she always limped a little, and in consequence, Grandma called her Lamie. Because she seemed to mind the pain less, I sat many hours under the locust trees and rocked her in my arms while the bone was knitting and the tendons and muscles were mending. While she was helpless, I often carried her into the pantry, giving her generous lumps of sugar and tastes of salt and bits of bread, all of which she ate with a relish. When she was well, she would often steal in alone, and with her little pink nose smell out the relishes in the pantry to suit her taste, causing Grandma much trouble, so at last she was made to stay in the clover-field all the time.

"When we first put her there she seemed to think that I must stay with her, and would stand by the gate bleating. This so touched my childish love for her, that often I would stay with her hours, lying on the grass, or skipping my rope as she gamboled by my side, until tired out she fell asleep. Then I would steal softly away for a little rest."

"Did you get tired of staying with her so much, Mamma?" asked Arthur.

My Beautiful Lady replied: "Sometimes I wanted to do something especially for myself, and then I felt it quite a cross, but her piteous bleating always conquered me, and I know now that my first lesson in self-sacrifice came through my care and attention to this poor lamb."

"Perhaps that is what has made you so dear and unselfish," said Arthur, as he crept up and snuggled his hand into that of his mother.

"I wish I had a broken-legged lamb," said Harry.

He was too young to understand how ridiculous this wish was, but we all laughed so loudly that Harry thought he had said something wrong, and so he hid his face on my Beautiful Lady's shoulder.

"Let me tell you, dear children, as you grow older you will find many opportunities to be kind to helpless and dependent creatures, and through these acts of kindness you will learn your own lessons of individual unselfishness. Culture of the brain does not amount to much without culture of the heart.

"There is in England a school where many kinds of pets are kept, their treatment and care being made a humane object-lesson for those little ones who attend. A statement has been made that not one who ever went to that school has been known to do a cruel act or been punished for law-breaking."

"Are not English laws very strict?" asked Arthur.

"England not only has strict laws, but it enforces them," was the answer of my Beautiful Lady. "In fact," she continued, "the Americans are the least law-abiding of any people. While the laws are very commendable, they are less strictly enforced than in other nations.

"England is the parent of laws which provide for humane education through the school system. Nearly every European nation has proved that such instruction lowers the criminal record. There are now not a few states that have a compulsory course of education on the subject in their elementary schools, and some provide that it shall be included in the curriculum of the highest grades, and in the programs of state teachers' associations."

"Yes, Mamma," said Arthur, "do you remember last term how the former practice of mounting the

gorgeously beautiful butterflies in our nature study class was changed? The law protected them and other insects and also birds from being thus treated, even though it took but a few seconds for the poison to destroy their lives. O, how we enjoyed the study classes in the very woods where one saw the butterflies alight upon the flowers and moss-covered logs. They remained so quiet at times we could paint them from life. What a blessing doing away with the old custom will prove to them."

"Your tender thought for these helpless things," said my Beautiful Lady, "is very commendable. But the object of the humane law is twofold: the teaching of mankind to be kind to the lower order of animals, and also the influence of the act of mercy itself upon the conscience of the student."

"I have often thought, Mamma, "said Arthur, "how interesting stories of animals are to children, and have wondered why it is that I feel so tenderly toward everything when I think of Lamie, and of the white hen that followed Uncle about the yard, and would sit on the fence, or in the nest, if he put her there, and stay quiet until he came for her. Why is it so, Mamma?"

My Beautiful Lady answered Arthur by saying: "It is because in every little child's life there are different kinds of love over which angels are sent to keep watch. One of these is love for mute and helpless things, and the Angel of Mercy is the guardian of this sentiment. If she is allowed to stay with the child, she teaches what are called humane ideas and implants feelings of tenderness and compassion for others, which make one eager to relieve the sufferings of everything in distress. But it is getting late, the night is

falling, and we must go back to the house. Grandma and the rest are already half-way there."

"Oh, look, Mother dear! Look at the pretty light on the waterfall!" exclaimed Harry.

My Beautiful Lady called Harry's attention to the change in the colors of the sky, and the soft light thrown upon the water by the young moon. "It reminds me," she said, "of the young and delicate child, before it faces the struggles of life which develop a strong well-rounded character."

Arthur wished his father, too, could see the pretty scene, and my Beautiful Lady remarked, "He and I used to walk here often, and he would love to be with us now, I am sure."

"Why does he not come, then? asked Arthur.

"Because business cares keep him away, and sometimes I fear we are thoughtless and do not appreciate our rest and many pleasures, while he remains at home, seldom taking a vacation."

"I love Papa, don't you, Mamma?" said Harry.

My Beautiful Lady caught Harry in her arms, kissed his golden hair and said:

"Yes, my child, I truly do, and I want to keep ever fresh an appreciation of his unselfish love for me."

By this time we had reached the house, and Arthur asked to sit on the porch for a while before retiring for the night.

My Beautiful Lady granted his request, saying: "We will all sit here for a little while, as nature is so beautiful and the air is so soft and refreshing. Uncle Richie Tucker used to sit here on this porch, when I was a little girl, and take me on his knee and tell me all about the stars. He would point out the different ones

and teach me how to find them. He was a great astronomer, you know."

Just at this moment the sweet notes of a guitar, accompanied by voices, came from behind the lilac bushes. Grandma said very softly: "It is the Lawrences serenading us. We will keep very still and enjoy the treat they have prepared."

When our serenaders had finished, we all clapped our hands, and I ran and barked them out — Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and their seven pretty children. They had dressed like minstrels to give us this pretty entertainment. Chairs were then placed on the lawn, and they rendered more lovely music. Then Grandma passed milk and cake, and while the grown folks chatted, the young people played hide-and-go-seek around the lilacs and honeysuckles, and I barked out all those in hiding whom the others could not find.

The days at Summer Rest were not all alike, but each and every one brought us sweet repose and dear lessons of patience and love.

O Whippoorwill—loved whippoorwill,
I seem to hear thy sweet notes still,
Which came my childish heart to fill
As evening's dusk fell 'cross the rill—
Life's distanced path to-night doth thrill
With thy loved song, dear whippoorwill.

CHAPTER IX

POLLY AND DICK

MY dear little readers, perhaps the last pleasant thoughts you had last night were after your mother or the kind nurse finished a chapter in my book, and now I am thinking how to-night you are gathering in groups in your respective homes, some, where the evergreens look fresh and cheery even while the snow has laid her mantle of white; others, in sunny lands beneath the sweet magnolia trees — yes, in every place and clime to listen to the lessons to be learned from two wise birds.

One day my Beautiful Lady, Mrs. Porter, and I went out calling, and on our way we stopped at Mrs. Barrett's. Peggy, or Polly as she had been christened, was a parrot of unusual interest. If any one said, "Peggy, how do you do?" she would answer, "Are you calling pretty Polly Barrett?"

Mrs. Barrett told us that one day a little girl came to see Peggy, but insisted on calling her pretty Polly, and that after the little girl's visit Peggy began calling herself "Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly Barrett," and since then if called "Peggy" she would shake her feathers and say, "Do you want Pretty Polly?"

At last the family gave up and allowed the bird to have its own way, and so it was that now the bird has the new name Polly.

Mrs. Barrett also told us that each day just after the clock has struck four the parrot begins calling, "Nellie, pretty girl, come home," until Nellie comes in.

Then Polly sings out, "Hang your hat on the wall, get a cracker and piece of cake, and take your darling out."

Nellie who is Mrs. Barrett's daughter, before practicing her music lesson, eats a lunch, sharing it with Polly, giving the bird a cracker and a piece of cake.

Just then Nellie came into the parlor and played and sang for us, the bird joining in. At first the notes were soft and so the bird sang low; presently the notes grew plaintive, and Poll, with her head hanging down, whistled like a mocking bird. Then Nellie played very loud; it seemed as though the keys were bringing out all of the notes at once.

Polly screamed and ran away into another room, calling out, "Stop Nellie." Nellie ceased her playing and everyone laughed, it was so funny.

Pretty soon Nellie called to the bird, "Come back pretty Poll, and sing again." But the bird would not return until Nellie began to play a soft and sweet melody, and even then she did not sing with her usual voice, but seemed to think the music had been spoiled.

Mrs. Barrett told us that some days Polly would join so often in the general conversation that some one of the family would say, "Polly, will you go to bed or will you keep still?" To which request the bird would answer, "I'll keep still," and she would for a long time.

Just as we were about to leave, Dick, the black crow, passed the door. Mrs. Barrett said, "There goes quite a prodigy. We think our crow displays an almost human-like intelligence. He is a great study. The principal characteristics of this crow are to steal and to hide everything possible, and often when I have been searching for the missing article, he has laughed

at me in a coarse and discordant voice, showing plainly that he had done this purely for mischief. Sometimes he will turn a somersault as he laughs.

"The neighbors do not like him, because he pulls up their vegetables and lays them in rows along the garden path, and picks the bare feet of the children to see them run and call 'Mamma, the crow is chasing me'."

"Evidently he does not like children," said Mrs. Porter.

"I think he does," replied Mrs. Barrett, "for he goes every now and then to the schoolhouse and pecks one, two, three, with his beak on the door-sill; the same signal he has when he wants the basement door opened to get at his quiet roost. If he can, he gets into the school and lights upon a desk near some child, and sits quite still. The teacher soon found out that he would not go out of the room until the children were dismissed, and so she taught them to be quiet and attend to their lessons, noticing him as little as possible. While on the playground, he has run about with the children and learned to call 'face tag' and 'I spy'."

"So many complaints had been made of him that Mr. Barrett had decided to take him out to the farm. The bird did not like country life at all, and the manager of the farm said it really was pitiful to see him mope; he would seldom answer when any one spoke to him.

"One day our delivery wagon went to the farm, and soon after it returned I saw Dick in the yard. He went to the kitchen door, and with his beak made his usual one, two, three taps, asking to come in."

"Do you think he flew home by following the team," asked Mrs. Hale.

"No, he could not have done so, for his wings were clipped very short. We decided he must have gotten into the back of the wagon and ridden to the store. From there he knew his way home, as he had often gone back and forth with Nellie. He was very happy, and talked constantly until he was sent to bed."

"Finding his way home was not an accident," my Beautiful Lady said.

"Let me tell you one instance which certainly showed wisdom," said Mrs. Barrett. "One day a dog chased him about the yard, and when he was cornered he turned around suddenly and screamed at the dog, 'I'm going downtown'."

The ladies laughed, and Mrs. Porter asked if he had said that before. "Yes, often," replied Mrs. Barrett. "He would always say these words when he started down the street, and this time it seemed to be wrung from him as the only means of saving his life, and it proved the right thing to do, for the dog ran away in fright. Poor Dick, his one great fear was of a dog. He has demonstrated it so many times, I can conscientiously say that his words are always an evidence of both feeling and wisdom."

"I do not doubt it," said Mrs. Porter. "The Creator gave dumb creatures a way to show their knowledge. We are so happy to notice a baby's first expressions, and are so attentive to watch every attempt to catch through its motions and inarticulate words its every thought and wish.

"The difficulty with the so-called mute ones is that we do not give them a fair chance. But those who do not respect the rights of animals are not appreciative of their own elevation in the creative order. We are taught that we are only a little lower

than the angels; the animal family only a little lower than we are. In the divine plan there is a measure of justice for them as well as for us."

"Yes," said my Beautiful Lady, "we speak of the eyes as the 'windows of the soul,' let us speak of the voice as the utterance of the soul; and without the gift of the voice, who could know the depth of joy or sorrow, of feeling or intelligence that dwells within our souls?"

Then the ladies arose to go, thanking Mrs. Barrett for the very entertaining hour they had spent with her in her charming home.

"Now, little children, God bless you. Every morning before you leave your mother's side, please repeat our pledge of mercy, which is: 'I will be kind to all living creatures, and protect them from all cruel usage.' Good-night. Happy Dreams."

CHAPTER X

MISS GIFFORD'S ANGORAS

ON one of our trips, while my Beautiful Lady and I were waiting at a hotel for the return of my master and the boys, we made the acquaintance of Miss Edith Gifford. We were delighted to know her because she loved both children and animals. Angora cats were her favorite pets, but she was so interested in little children that she learned kindergarten work.

You know "kinder-garten" is a German word and means "garden for little children." This gives the thought of how little children grow like tender plants and the skilled gardener while tending them, each day removes all weeds, and in their places plants rare and beautiful flowers.

She knew if the seeds of love and mercy were implanted among other noble attributes the careless or adverse winds which might blow over the garden spot in after years, could not easily uproot or carry the beautiful plants away, but the roots would live and grow perpetual flowers whose sweetness and lasting odors would be wafted through many a desert spot in the lives of all living creatures.

While the conversation concerning little children seemed very entertaining, yet I pricked up my ears and became more deeply interested when I heard Miss Gifford say that mummied species of cats have been found in Egyptian tombs two thousand years old, and the representations in the wall paintings of that period prove that the ancients made a friend of the

cat, and that in certain places it was worshiped as the symbol of the God Ptah, the Creator of Life.

You know I had been so proud of my lineage and antiquity that I felt startled to learn that any other animal could boast of any such blood or aristocracy as I had, and I listened with marked interest as she continued to describe the species found in Europe, Asia and Africa, and the many varieties domesticated and distinguished by name as the Angora, the Maltese, the Tabby and others.

The origin of the tailless Manx is obscure. At some time it may have become a relative to Bob Rabbit; or, a cruel fashion may have had the tail amputated until the present tailless type was generated. He looks unfortunate, but he is esthetic, faithful and amiable in nature.

I saw the shudder pass over my Beautiful Lady indicating her delicately sensitive soul which was moved by a deep pity and the most humane feeling. She said she wondered if some one were to start the fashion of removing from the human family a foot, a hand, or an eye, whether there would not be an end put to it at once.

It brought a vivid picture to us all and Miss Gifford said that her whole heart was centered in establishing this one righteous sentiment in the innocent little children that any cruelty they inflicted upon others, even the smallest and most helpless, would at sometime react a harmful influence upon their own lives.

I was glad to hear Miss Gifford speak of the yellow cat and his mate, the Tortoise Shell, telling how they descended from the Spanish cat. Then she spoke of the Oriental varieties, among which are the Persian

and Angora groups, so silken and long-haired, conceded to be the most beautiful of the cat race. They display varieties of color, but the snow white seems the most beautiful of all. The great ruff about their necks grows sometimes ten inches long while the tail is like a beautiful plume.

Scientists tell us that cats have a most highly organized nervous system, and that is why they climb a tree so quickly when a dog chases them, which my Beautiful Lady taught me not to do. Cats have certain characteristics the same as dogs and people. Pussy loves a home and dies from homesickness. Dogs love persons more than places.

I was pleased to learn that cats have certain characteristics, the same as dogs and people, and that one particular one is their true love for home; that they have died from homesickness when left deserted.

Some people think it bad luck to move a cat when they move; but Miss Gifford said she thought it much more reasonable to believe that bad luck would come to those who left poor helpless cats behind to suffer, starve and die.

Then my Beautiful Lady said that whenever she saw a dirty, wretched street cat, she always thought of some one whose soul-growth had been crippled, because of his unjust act toward this defenseless creature.

"Speaking of the home love of cats," said Miss Gifford, "I knew a family who had a yellow Angora. They arranged at a side porch door a tinkling bell with string attached so that 'Persia' could pull the string and so ring the bell when she wished to enter. This family moved to another city eighty-five miles away and took Persia with them. She was too home-

sick to eat, even with the family about her. One morning she was missing. They searched everywhere for her. Even advertising did not reveal her whereabouts. A week later the postman brought a letter with news that Persia had arrived and announced herself, not by a card to the maid, but by ringing most vigorously her own doorbell, at the same time calling 'meow' 'meow' in most piteous tones.

"Whoever heard a homesick, disconsolate wail that can compare with that of pussy when she is searching for her lost home?"

Then my Beautiful Lady said, "It is not difficult to teach cats to ring door bells and open doors; I knew one that would try to push back a bolt. They often do these things of their own volition. But it is most remarkable how a cat found her way over such a distance as they have not so keen a scent that a dog has for traveling."

Miss Gifford continued her interesting stories.

"The royal Siamese cats are quite different in their dispositions. They are very amiable toward each other. They are very faithful in friendship and show deep attachment to their owners. For this reason they are much liked as pets. Their mew is louder and more like a mournful wail than the cry of other cats.

I recall a most pathetic instance of Royal, who, when a kitten was a birthday gift to Miss Jennie, a friend of mine. As he grew he showed fondness for all the family, even becoming a neighborhood pet. One of the delights of his life was going to Miss Jennie's room mornings to waken her and have a playspell in bed.

"When Royal was two years old he was separated for the first time from his mistress, who went on a three weeks' trip. It was then he showed his marked trait

of affection. He wandered from room to room calling her almost ceaselessly in his plaintive cry, refusing food and to be comforted by anyone. Each morning he hurried to her bed and was frantic when he saw she was not there; then with teeth and claws tore the coverings in his vain attempts to find her.

"Poor Royal! Just before Miss Jennie returned home, once more he slowly climbed the stairs uttering a long plaintive wail until he reached her room, and then lying down on Jennie's bed he fell into his last earthly sleep."

There was a strange silence that came over us then, and I felt it so sharply that I rose to my feet, kissed my Beautiful Lady's hand as she laid it upon my head, and I saw them all touching their eyes softly with handkerchiefs.

"How strange," said Mrs. Field, who had become interested in the conversation, "that people have been so unfeeling and slow in recognizing the almost more than human affection which our nursery pets have for those to whom they become attached."

"I think it is not so much that people have been so slow," said my Beautiful Lady, "as it is that somewhere there has been a broken link between the feline race and the human race. There is much in ancient history to teach us that in this regard we are more the barbarian toward pussy than were those of the barbaric age."

"I am reminded now," said Miss Gifford, "of a kitten named 'Calico' who certainly disliked children, even the one little girl of her household. The kitten would scratch and spit and perch up her back if the little girl came near her, just as she would have done in terror of a dog. Calico had been punished not a

few times for such conduct, for not the little girl, but kitty was the offender.

"A very remarkable thing occurred. One day the little girl struck pussy. The mother wishing to teach her daughter that it was as wrong for her to harm pussy as for pussy to harm her, began inflicting a slight punishment upon her child. Suddenly pussy sprang upon the mother, taking the little girl's part. After this occurrence there was perfect harmony in the companionship of the cat and the little girl."

This reminded me of one I knew and if you will pardon my interruption, I should like to tell you about "Son," who was only a common breed cat, but he looked wise and he was. When he wished to go out he always went to the door, stood on his hind feet while with one paw he would work at the door-knob, talking in his low conversational way until some one noticed and opened the door. He always expressed his hunger by the same sign at the pantry door.

One of his chief delights had been to get into a clothes closet for a long nap. While he had been strictly forbidden this treat, he showed human nature in persisting ever to have his own way, and at times would work for a long time at the door-knob, using one paw, then changing by stretching to a more difficult position of using two paws. One very remarkable thing, he never called any one to help him when trying the closet door, but worked in silence until tired out.

To show how deeply he could express like or dislike, he expressed a real devotion toward one person only. That was the grandmamma of his home. She did not live in the home, but came frequently for a few days or weeks. Son would leap and play about her when she came, just as I did with delight around my Beau-

"She spoke of our Snow Ball who loved flowers, but plainly expressed his preference for hyacinths."

tiful Lady, and in his cat language express clearly what they would have said in words, "I'm so glad grandmamma has come."

While she was there, he never went to sleep without finding her shoe or slipper or some garment which he hugged in his arms as he slept, and one day he managed to get her beautiful velvet coat down and was found sleeping in that.

Then my Beautiful Lady said: "Aside from reasoning powers, cats are romantic and sensitive to a marked degree. A stroll through a wooded path with pussy would reveal that he is a true naturalist. Every delicate vine and fern, or sweet smelling flower would be carefully inspected. Cats are fond of perfume and become most affectionate to a person using some odor of their choice.

She spoke of our Snow Ball who loved flowers, but plainly expressed his preference for hyacinths. He often sat with delight amidst these sweet favorites, talking his pleasure, and smelling them again and again. Once we found him sleeping in a very large bed which held several specimens.

I thought of how I loved the sweet arbutus beds and how, when far away from them, I had loved to even dream of resting my tired body there again. And why should not cats and dogs enjoy the perfume of the flowers when that joy or pleasure can come only through the sense of smell? For not in any kind of Creation is that organ so developed as in the faithful companions of the home.

Their conversation then drifted to the playfulness of little kittens. How they imitate every sport and pastime of girls and boys, hide and go seek around the lilac and honeysuckle bushes, wrestling, boxing,

games of their own with the ball, climbing trees, and they were sorry to say how sometimes untutored cats and kittens, like children, chase and harm little birds and butterflies.

Miss Gifford told many instances of cats that have expressed almost human intelligence. One was of Dante's pet, who sat upon the table beside him holding a candle that the great poet, her master, might have light as he wrote on his famous story, "The Inferno."

She told of cats who have sat with kings, and received both reverence and honor as the court people passed around the throne, and a long list of eminent persons who have shown adoration for this most intuitive of dumb creatures.

I was so glad to listen to the very many instances they related about those humane-hearted and noble minded people, who by some extraordinary act had given a noted instance for all the world to think of, where they had expressed their love, mercy and devotion to the feline race.

My dear little readers, have you ever heard softer tones or sweeter notes than the cradle song of pussy pur-ring, pur-ring as she lies cuddled close beside you for a nap? When you hear her peaceful, soulful music unlike all other kinds, let it bind your heart and hers together with a sympathy which can never die.

CHAPTER XI

A TEA PARTY

THERE have been many tea parties given in honor of ladies, but I know of only one that particularly interested me, perhaps because it proved to be an honor to me.

My Beautiful Lady was spending a few days with a neighbor who had moved to another city. I had been allowed to accompany her. While we were at this friend's house a tea party was given for us. Mrs. Dame was the name of our hostess—a woman whose nature was so cheery and mirthful that one never felt blue in her company. I do not know how many guests were invited, but there was a long table in the dining-room and not a vacant chair. I was the only dog present, and Mrs. Dame said that such a well-behaved creature as I was, might take my place with the guests.

The ladies had a very pleasant time chatting and eating, but I did not take much interest in anything, until I was called out into the kitchen to have my portion.

Aunt Hattie broiled for me a beefsteak, and I had a splendid meal. When I went back into the parlor there were several gentlemen present who were not there when I left. My Beautiful Lady called out, "Here she comes now! Fanny, these people wish you to shake hands with them." I never like to do tricks or appear as a circus performer, but I did want to be polite, so I gave my paw for a shake. Then I lay down behind her chair, and heard the ladies and gentlemen tell some wonderful things about dogs.

"I believe dogs remember some things as long as they live," began my Beautiful Lady. "For instance, they recognize their masters, from whom they have been separated for years. I recall now one instance of Fanny's memory. The fall that she was three years old Arthur tried to teach her to draw him on his sled. I did not favor the idea, as Fanny was very unwilling to be harnessed. She was also very slender, and I was afraid she was not strong enough, so I told Arthur that he must not annoy her any more. A year later, when the first snow came, my young son said to me, as he left the dinner-table: 'Mamma, I think it is too bad not to let me teach Fanny to draw my sled. Some of the other boys have harnessed their dogs and take great pleasure in riding behind them. Please let me try her this afternoon.'

"As she was now a year older I consented, provided she submitted willingly. Arthur had kept the harness made on the former attempt to drive her, and when he brought it into the room and called her to come to him and be harnessed, instead of obeying, as she usually did, she crossed the room and went under the couch upon which I was resting. Arthur got a piece of chicken from the table, hoping to coax her from her hiding-place. I said nothing for a few minutes, but when I was satisfied she would not come out unless compelled, I told Arthur she remembered the attempt a year before to harness her; that no doubt she had her reasons for not wanting to play horse, and he must give up the idea until he could have a dog better fitted for the work. Then I called Fanny and told her she need not go unless she wished to. Instantly her tail went whack, whack, on the floor, and she drew her body forward, so that her eyes were visible from

under the lounge. As I again assured her, she came out, and if any person could have expressed more in words than she did in actions how she appreciated my protection, then I do not understand dog language."

When my Beautiful Lady finished telling this true incident of my life, I kissed her hand—an expression of thankfulness.

Mrs. Corwith, one of the ladies, said, "I should like to tell you of a dog, that the Major and I owned, by the name Dash. He was a full-blooded setter, and a most faithful animal. We let a friend of ours, who was moving to Iowa, have him. He was taken on the train to Charles City. There he was left, for a time, with some other friends of ours, and they chained him, but he broke loose and made a bee-line for home. He swam the Mississippi and Wisconsin rivers, reaching our home completely exhausted. When we first saw him, he was lying under my husband's desk. His feet were badly swollen, and indeed he was sadly changed in many ways from our dear dog Dash.

"We also had a little dog named Skip, which I should like to tell you of, said the Major. By some mistake he was left in Merrimac, where my wife and I took the train for Reedsburg. The little dog followed the train as far as we could see him from the rear car. I felt very badly about this affair, but was quite happy when a lady, who was also aboard the train, said to me: 'I live in Merrimac, and when I return this evening I will try to find your dog, and if I do I will send him to you by express.' I had little faith that I would ever see Skip again, but was, however, thankful to the lady for her kind offer.

"Upon the lady's return, she found Skip still waiting in the depot; she took him home for the night. He

would neither eat nor sleep, but kept up a pitiful whining. In the morning Skip's friend put him into a nice clean box and sent him to us at Reedsburg."

Mr. Smith always enjoyed telling stories, and he began by saying: "In filling my place in this 'stage of life' where dogs may take their part, I shall tell you of a black-and-tan terrier owned by a friend of mine, Mr. Swick, of Fort Collins.

"A traveling man, who was quite a dog-fancier, was determined to own this little fellow, and at last he made an offer of one hundred dollars, which was accepted. The dog was taken a distance of over two thousand miles. He remained six months with his new master and traveled from place to place with him.

"Then it happened that a trip was taken to Denver, when the traveling man became separated from the dog. Not being able to find him, our traveling friend took the train for Fort Collins, some seventy miles distant. When he reached the home of Mr. Swick, he reported the loss of the dog, and said: 'If he comes back to his old home, which I am inclined to think he will, I shall not claim him. A dog so faithful and intelligent shall remain with those for whom he has grieved so much.' Mr. Swick gave a low whistle and the dog came sneaking out from another room and crouched at his old master's feet."

"This is getting to be very interesting," exclaimed our hostess. "Won't you tell us another story, Mr. Smith?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "A friend of mine owned a Scotch Collie, named Sam. One evening Sam was missing. The following day one of the farm hands, chancing to pass to the further end of the field, found

a fence down. In the gap lay Sam, keeping back the cattle which were pasturing in the adjoining field. The farm-keeper's wife had a little baby, and when she put it in its cradle Sam would rock it gently with his paw. When the babe was restless, he would rock harder until it lay quiet again. He loved little children."

"I once knew a wise Airedale," said Mrs. Scott. "When dinner time came he would be given a bell, which he would take in his mouth and going near the men in the field would ring it until they would swing their hats in answer; then he would trot back to the house and give the bell to his mistress."

These dogs are wonderful guards and they are adaptable to any use of a dog's life on a farm.

Airedales have such varied traits of character that they can become useful in every dog-capacity for human aid and companionship. But for their life vocation they should be trained from puppy-hood. They never forget their first masters, which is one proof of their unfailing memory. When given the duty of protecting a child, they have been known to bear sharpest pain without resentment. This explains their deep-natured devotion and faithful service for children.

One day a lady was feeding her Airedale who preferred his meat in mouthfuls on a fork. The fork fell from her hand. He looked at it a moment, then lifted it with his mouth to her hand with an expression which said: "Please may I have some more." Mena Fleetwood was an Airedale who lived by the water. Warm days she would go swimming and perform the same feats and tricks that boys do. There was always a group of dogs sitting on the shore watching Mena, highly entertained.

Then a nice looking lady said: "I never owned a dog, or thought much about them until to-night, but I have been acquainted with some very distinguished ones in their acts upon the stage."

"If you have any facts about 'knowing dogs' we will be interested in hearing about them," said Mrs. Dame.

The lady laughed and said: "I am thinking of little Mex who took the part of Rip Van Winkle's dog, strolling naturally about the stage at Rip's heels. She entered with great zest into that scene where she played with little Meenie and Heindrick; but she detested her part where Gretchen left her washtub, and Rip dipped her into the soapsuds, giving her a few rubs on the washboard. Mex knew her cue for this scene and always tried to hide away.

"I also recall a pug dog, Beauty, who played in 'A Fool and His Money.' In one act she sat on her mistress' lap and enjoyed eating candy. In another act she performed clever tricks. She was always waiting in the flies for her cue until a scene where she was suspended by a strap, and before this appearance she would be in some out of the way place where it was difficult to find her.

"Pardon my continuing to tell of the dogs who have most interested me. In the play, 'The World Against Her,' Peko, a Spanish poodle, was very clever in her acts. Oyez, a little Pomeranian, was the understudy and very jealous. He would sit snarling in an undertone trying to intimidate Peko while on the stage, but he did not succeed in the least."

As the tall, nice-looking lady did not continue, our hostess asked her if she could not tell another dog

story. Looking at a gentleman who sat next to her, she said: "I have told more than my share, and I know that Mr. Henry is impatiently waiting, so I pass on the compliment to him."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Dame, "it is pleasant to hear from one who has seen these dogs in their intelligent acting."

Mr. Henry bowed an acknowledgment and said, "I recall one Jocko, a fine white bull-terrier owned by a widow that I know. It would be impossible to describe the almost human sympathy this dog in his constant companionship gave to his lonely mistress.

"To display how capable he was in sensing deepest feelings of sorrow or delight, his mistress would throw her apron over her face and sob, giving expression to deepest grief. Jocko would leap upward, and, with his paws and nose, try to pull away the apron, and actually moan, rubbing his face against hers in an attempt to comfort her. Presently she would drop the apron and begin laughing, when Jocko would change the tones of his barking and leap playfully over chairs and about the room, expressing his joy in dog fashion to every one present.

"Another proof of Jocko's positive affection was showing his love-nature for babies, dolls, and Teddy bears. He was a very obedient dog, with one exception. If he saw a baby carriage on the street, it was of no use to call him back, for he would not stop until he had looked into the carriage. As surely as a doll or Teddy was there, he waited until no one was looking and then snatched it and ran.

"If he saw children playing on the lawn, he would join them, apparently having the best of a time, until he could snatch one of those pets in his teeth and then

away home as fast as possible with it. His favorite place to keep them was on the parlor couch. The children always knew where to go for their lost pets, and many times he was accused and made to give up his much coveted treasure."

"I am glad my turn has come," said Mrs. Skinner, "for I wish to tell at least one of the marked demonstrations of memory in my own little dog Bessie. The first summer that I owned her, I took her to our farm for a vacation. She went with me to look for eggs, for I was childlike enough to love to search the hens' nests. Bess soon learned why I went about in the tall grass and the barns, and it was not very long until she would run ahead, and when she found an egg, bring it to me unbroken. The second summer I again took her with me, and we had only just disposed of our baggage when Bess came up to me with an egg in her mouth, wagging her tail with great delight. I patted her head and thanked her. In a few moments she returned with another, and it became a contest as to who was the better egg hunter, and I must confess that Bess by far excelled me."

"Mr. Frank," said our hostess, "you are next on our informal programme, and as you are an extensive traveler, perhaps you will tell us something of the dogs in far away countries."

Mr. Frank replied: "I can tell you of my little Teddy that I got some years ago while on my trip to Mexico. He was the smallest dog I have ever seen, if it had not been for his long silken hair I would not have known how to hold him. The man who owned him said he was not worth keeping, and was making arrangements to drown him. The little creature looked at me with so appealing an expression

The children always knew where to go for their lost pets.

that I asked the man to give him to me. He laughed at my sentiment for the sickly thing, but said I was welcome to him, then added that I ought to give the boy a dollar, for he had promised it to him to drown the puppy. I could not agree to pay anything for an act which I felt was in the nature of a crime. I told him I would, however, call on the boy's mother, and if I found him needy, would give him something. The boy and I, carrying Teddy alternately, wrapped up in a piece of cloth, went on our way. After talking with the mother, who was indeed very poor, I gave her twenty-five dollars, for which she was very thankful.

"On my way back to the hotel I bought a very small basket, a roll of cotton, and a few yards of soft silk, and taking the tiny two weeks' old puppy and the articles to the maid in the hotel, I told her I would pay her well if she would care for the wretched little thing.

"With good care, medical treatment, and proper food, he improved gradually, until he became very active, and gave signs that he was truly glad to live.

"I wish I could make you understand how grateful he was to me, or that I had time to tell you the many ways through which he plainly expressed his devotion, until, as the months went by, he became pathetically attached to me. When I returned to my home, I carried Teddy with me, and my grandfather became very fond of him and taught him many tricks.

"He several times accompanied me on my short trips. But there came a day when I must journey far away. It was too far for him to go. To me it was sad, for I knew Teddy would grieve, and I would be lonely. I felt the coming separation keenly and thought once I must take him, yet it was really impossible. But he sensed the meaning of my preparations,

and when I told him that he could not go, his grief was pathetic. Try to think, dear friends, how I felt, when at the last hour on going to close my valise there lay Teddy on my clothing. Tenderly I lifted him out, while he resisted strenuously.

"I tried to tell him in a cheery way how I would return to him, but he would not be comforted. I left the room for a few moments, and on my return found him again lying in my valise. This was most touching to me, and necessitated the most painful act I had been called upon to perform.

"Lifting him again, I said: 'Teddy, I cannot take you with me.' He moaned piteously up into my face. There were actual tears in his eyes and sobs in his voice deeply touching. I held him closely in my arms for a moment, and then gave him to my grandfather, whom he also loved. When I was gone he refused all food, even the coffee he liked so much. It was not long until grief caused his heart to cease those beats which move with breath of life."

Mr. Frank put his handkerchief to his eyes. Then I saw the others using theirs.

My Beautiful Lady patted my head, and as some one must break the sad silence, she said: "Fanny decided to attend church services when she was about three years old, and one Sunday morning we found her sitting on the church steps. She knew she was doing wrong, for when she saw me she put her head down in her quiet way and looked at me as if to say, 'Don't send me home,' but I resisted her pleadings and bade her go.

"The next Sunday we thought it best to lock her up and see that she did not follow us, but behold she could not be found. I suspected she had gone before us,

as on the previous Sunday, and expected to find her at the church door, but she was not there.

"As I entered my pew there was Fanny, lying stretched out at full length. She lifted her pleading eyes to mine, gazing intently as if saying: 'Please let me stay, I will be very still.' The service had begun, so I allowed her to remain."

"Did you let Fanny go to church again?" asked Mrs. Corwith.

"No, for I felt she might disturb the people, and I gave her a good chiding when we returned home."

"Do you believe she understood you?" asked someone.

"I know she did," answered my Beautiful Lady, "for she never followed me to church again."

"Fanny is truly a wonderful dog," said Aunt Hattie. "I never saw but one other like her. That was my little Timmie," and she gave a sigh.

Mr. Brown told of a dog which was his companion and friend in his boyhood days on the farm. It was late in November, the wind blew cold, and all hands were busy on a Saturday trying to husk the last of the corn before the storm broke. A gap had been let down in the fence to drive through, and Carlo had taken his place to guard it, that no stock from the common might get into the field. It was late when the last one drove through, and in his hurry, he did not stop to put up the fence. After supper, Mrs. Brown failed to find the dog when it was time to give him his supper, and asked after him, but no one seemed to remember that he had taken upon himself to guard the gap. Sunday passed, and there was much concern for the dog; but on Monday, when the teams reached the gap to bring out the last loads, there lay Carlo,

shivering in the cold, but refusing to leave his post of duty. The men and the teams rebuilt the fence and Carlo was sent home to get his breakfast. That he lay there from Saturday morning till Monday morning in a northeast November wind without food or shelter, showing an act of faithful service made him the honored one of the family; and his faithfulness was often the theme when one of us failed to do his duty.

"Mr. Ellinwood has some very fine dog stories," said the Major.

"This is surely dogs' day," said Mrs. Dame. "Let us hear from you, Mr. Ellinwood."

"There have been such wonderful stories told," said Mr. Ellinwood, "I am afraid mine will sound tame. However, the dog I owned was an old shepherd dog, called Carlo, and he was a continual surprise to me. I kept considerable stock on my farm, and when I purchased a new horse, hog, cow, or sheep, Carlo would see that it was put into the right pasture, and would separate it from the rest and watch it until he was told that all was right. If any animal died, he would call attention to it. The most disturbed I ever saw him was on the arrival of some little pigs. He was very much perplexed until we told him they were in the right place."

"I knew of a tramp dog," said Mr. Grace, "who lived on passenger trains. He would watch a train pull into a station and board the express car every time. When he got tired he would jump off and come back on the next train. There was one thing peculiar about him; he would never go over the line of a certain division, but lived on one section, and knew his engines and and coaches as well as did the trainmen, he never

missed being on the train to get his three meals a day. The train men learned to like him, and always carried a little extra in their lunch pails for old Bob, the train tramp."

Miss Mabel then told of a dog named "Captain," owned by her uncle. "He would follow the farm-hand at milking time, and when the man was nearly through would bring the cat's dish in his mouth and set it down to be filled. He would also bring another dish for a small dog friend. He would then sit down and wait until the cat and her canine friend were through. If any milk was left, he would lap it and then carry the dishes back to the milk-house for the maid to wash them with her other dishes."

"I have a water spaniel named 'Victory,'" said the lady sitting next, "who refuses to sit on the floor, even on the softest rug. When she was a puppy, I often put her on a chair beside me to keep her contented or from crying. As she grew older, I allowed her to sit in a chair. Now whenever she comes into the house, if there is not a vacant chair for her, she goes about looking into the face of each one, whining softly. If she does not receive a response to her asking, she will go into another room, or the yard, or into her own kennel."

"Now," said one of the gentlemen, "we will hear from our hostess who is on all occasions a famous story teller."

"Well, I am not famous on dog stories, for I never owned one or cared for any one in particular except Fanny. I beg to be excused this time."

"O, no, a story from you, Mrs. Dame," was acclaimed from several.

"If I must to please my guests, I will, and as I know that Aunt Hattie has been longing to tell about Timmie or 'Choreboy' as she often called him, I will tell one

for her. Really, Choreboy waited upon his mistress so much that I scarcely know what to tell.

"I recall now how one day she asked him if he would please get a broom for her that was in another room. He quickly obeyed, but as he held it at about the center of the handle, it prevented his passing the door. He tugged at the broom for a few moments, then he laid it down and sat looking, with head on one side, in the attitude of thinking. He got the thought all right, for jumping up and catching hold of one end of the broom he ran through the door, laid it at Aunt Hattie's feet, showing his delight very plainly, as though he had said, 'Am I not a wise dog?' I suppose this was an example of reasoning power."

"An excellent story," said Mr. Ellenwood, "and also an example of how useful dogs can become to their human friends, especially when they are fortunate in having a teacher with the patience and good-will that we all know Aunt Hattie possesses."

"Well, good wife," said the Major, "if we take the early train to morrow morning, as we have planned to do, we must bid our host and hostess good-night. I regret to leave this very pleasant circle of friends, and to forego the pleasure of further discussion concerning this subject, which is of great interest to both of us, I am sure."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Corwith. "I have found that during all the years of our married life, our animal friends have been a vital factor in our home-making. Every one that we have owned has been associated with our children, to whom we have taught kindness and protection to all dumb creatures."

My Beautiful Lady said, "As for me, I would give nothing for a man's religion whose cat and dog and horse were not the better for it."

CHAPTER XII

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

IT was a few days past the middle of August when we returned to our delightful home this year. We had all brought back with us the memory of many pleasant events which would not be easily forgotten. Yet home had never seemed quite so dear, and each one took up his daily routine with renewed enthusiasm.

My master was truly a home-maker, and always during our absence he would make some changes. This time he had certainly reveled in his own fancies, and we found it quite a study to discover all the different things he had done; and my Beautiful Lady and all pronounced our home more charming than ever, and many appreciative ways were employed to express their gratitude to him.

Following the pleasure of home-coming, the schools opened. It was near the first day when I heard the boys returning home talking in a delighted manner, Harry's voice very much in evidence.

"What do you think! mama, this year the schools will observe a Bird Day like Arbor Day, Washington's Birthday and Fourth of July."

"Indeed! Harry, I rejoice to hear of this coming event. Like Arbor Day is right, dear, because that is a day which schools are observing, only its object-lesson would be different. But Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July are legal holidays, when everybody joins in the celebration."

"But, mamma, ought not all the people to celebrate Bird Day?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, if it were a legal holiday that would be instructive to parents and the combined teachings of home and school would result quickly in blessings to all nations, for birds are found in every habitation of man."

Then Harold asked, "Mrs. French, what do you consider the greatest objects in Bird Day?"

"The greatest object is teaching the inestimable value of birds to the whole world. In the Isle Bourbon a price was offered for the martin's head. After a time the grasshoppers took possession of the island. Reward was then offered to protect the bird and save the people from a famine.

"In countries where birds have been destroyed for millinery purposes, unusual and great injury has resulted from insects. Scientists say that without birds human life would become extinct."

"How could that be! mamma," exclaimed Harry.

"Because, my child, we could not live if we were to breathe insects into our lungs. All birds eat a few while the insectivorous kinds live entirely upon them. The little English creeper has eyes so sharp it can see insects invisible to the human eye."

"Bird study is very fascinating," said Arthur.

"Yes," said my Beautiful Lady, "and it also strengthens the powers of observation in children. Another benefit of Bird Day will be derived from learning about the numerous families which produce an almost endless classification. Their plumage has been dipped in every known color of earth and sky, while only the flowers can compare with them in lending a marvelous beauty to our world. From the wonderful knowledge which will come to the student mind, awakening joy, appreciation and sympathy for our

feathered friends, no doubt the merciless slaughter of birds for votaries of fashion and cruel pastime will be ended; for when mercy once enters wisdom's room in the mind of a child, there is small doubt but that her cause will be justly cared for.

"The insect species number into countless millions and are the most destructive of all living things. Yet a few kinds are performing an important work. Some of the larger ones absorb poisonous substance in the air, thus becoming worthy benefactors to all other living creatures. Then the flower-visiting insects are a great aid to the wind as pollenizers of plants. Their work is more perfect because they dip into the flower leaving the pollen dust deep in its corolla. Most exquisite perfumes and beautiful varieties of flowers have been produced by the work of insects and birds."

"Then, mamma, is it not wrong for the birds to eat the insects?" asked Arthur.

"It is not more wrong for birds to live on insects than for people to live on the flesh of the animal kingdom. Besides, the insects multiply so rapidly that nothing could live if they were never destroyed except by their natural death. Scientists claim that all life comes through the vicarious law."

"What does vicarious mean, mamma?" asked Harry.

"It is a subject too deep for me to fully explain to you now, dear child, but it is a creative law which brings a line of sacrifice that runs through all life."

"Last summer," said Harold, "when our club of boys tented on Farmer Brown's land, he told us we must not shoot or harm his hawks. He said that there are twenty-nine different varieties of hawks and owls which are a benefit to the farmers. He also told us that whenever they catch a hen, she is nearly al-

ways a lame one, or one that is diseased and it is better for the rest of the flock."

"All feathered kind are wise in all their ways, far more than they are given credit for, and there is very, very much that can be told or written which shows their reasoning powers in time of peril," said my Beautiful Lady.

"O yes," said Ward, "don't you remember, Harold, that white hen, Bida? She had her nest of little chicks down in Mr. Brown's orchard. One night after every body had retired, something struck the door and then we heard an awful cackling. Mr. Brown opened the door and Bida flew in. She ran up to Mr. Brown's feet, giving a warning call, and cackling with much excitement.

"Mr. Brown took his lantern and followed her to her nest. One of the chickens was gone. Mr. Brown got a basket and put the rest of the chicks in and started for the house, Bida following, but she did not cackle any more, for she seemed to know that her little ones were being cared for.

"The basket was taken into the house, and Bida walked in, too, and brooded her chickens until morning. After that Bida brought her brood up to the door every night, and they were put in the basket until they were older. Mr. Brown could go up to Bida any time and pick her up; she had no fear of him whatever."

"But I was more interested," said Harold, "in the canaries that Mrs. Brown told us about: Cato and Dido. They had made their springtime nest, and a few days later two small sea-green eggs were found resting in the nest. Dido settled down contentedly over her eggs, and Cato kept busy with his songs and the careful feeding of his little wife.

"A week later Dido flew off the nest one morning to refresh her little body, and one more egg had been added to the number. In a few moments she returned to her charge, and sat on quietly another week, and then one little shell broke which freed a bird life to the world.

"The next morning another shell burst open and the second fledgling awoke. Dido still remained upon her nest, brooding their two little ones, and Cato with his cheerful songs and constant attention to his family portrayed the domestic loyalty of the once famous Roman for whom he was named.

"A week later came the birth of the third, but this birdie was late in his arrival, and, as canary habits are to rear more than one set of fledglings during their nesting period, Cato and Dido prepared for laying their next eggs. This occasioned disturbance in the bird home, and the two stronger ones left the nest, and the weaker one was thrown out.

"Mrs. Brown said that she tried to feed him the yolk of an egg, but it was difficult for a human hand to manage so delicate a thing. Presently she saw the eldest of the three feeding the tiny one. Quickly the thought came to put another nest in the cage and lodge the three in it. She did this, and the two older sisters brooded and fed their younger brother until he was able to care for himself."

"It is not only very interesting to watch the habits of these very docile little creatures in their domestic life, but it also draws us nearer in sympathy with their traits of character. If we live close to them it brings us to feel the real heart-touch that fills our lives with one of the most charming features in our creation," said my Beautiful Lady.

"About the sixteenth century, we read of domesticated birds. The Italians were the first to breed birds, but to Germany we owe gratitude for the song canary. It has taken many generations to perfect this pet songster. Birds learn to sing by ear as we do. They receive instructions when very tiny, almost before they begin to chirp, they should be kept near the best songsters or the kind of songster that one wishes the bird to learn from. The same careful training must be given to a tiny bird as is given a little child if perfection is hoped for when grown.

"Many people think of a bird as a little bundle of beautiful feathers, sitting upon a perch in a small cage rendering sweet bird symphonies for them when they choose to listen, or being hushed to silence if it is more pleasing to them.

"They do not realize that a bird has finely constructed and delicate organs which require much thought and attention from the one who keeps it imprisoned purely for his diversion or benefit. But the little bird, in some regards, is not such a distant kin to human mortals after all. It bathes its little body almost daily, and combs out its feathers with its beak as we do our hair with a comb. It loves sunshine and fresh air, and needs both the same as do human beings. It knows pangs of grief and sorrow as well as thrills of joy and delight.

"The lessons of true love it may teach us are worthy of our consideration, for not nearly so often does a human heart break and surrender its spirit to the great beyond over the death of one it has loved, as does the tiny heart of the little bird.

"Some of its diseases are like those of mankind. It may lose its appetite because of insufficient variety

of food, for birds require more than seeds, water, and cuttlebone. Yet, again, birds can be harmed by over-feeding, which may produce apoplexy, when they will fall instantly dead from the perch just as a person would from a chair or on the street.

"They may get a twirling condition of the head, often caused from being kept in a round cage where they hop around and around. Square rooms are much better.

"A bird may loose its voice from over-feeding, or, a cold contracted by being left in a draught. From all such attacks the same conditions may develop as in people. I have seen birds suffer great agony trying to breath with the much dreaded asthma; while the fever caused by catarrhal conditions will make the tiny tongue parched and hardened and the nose passages stopped. When the delicate tissues become wasted, slow death will follow from consumption.

"Then, we now frequently see the little feet crippled, or the muscles of the limbs shrunken and a foot drawn upward. The tendons and ligaments become affected much more readily than those of the liberated birds because of their inactivity from close confinement. Each day they should be given some freedom in a room.

"The very bright eye will grow dull and pitifully blind. I knew of a bird that was given to a lady who knew nothing of its habits or the care it required. The lady bought a new bright green cage with seed and water glasses hung outside.

"Birdie had been accustomed to find his food in the cage, and so did not know where to look for it, consequently he died. Had the lady known more about birds, she would have noticed that he did not

reach through for his food, and would have removed it inside before it was too late.

"Birds need change of air, scenes, colors, light sometimes and darkness at other times. It is cruel to place a hook in one corner of a room and always keep the bird hanging there.

"Oftentimes when a bird is melancholy, dull, or indifferent to the call of a voice best known and loved, if his cage is hung in the parlor or other beautiful room he will quickly fill the space with sweetest songs, until the notes mellow into subdued cadence throughout every room. It is unkind also to keep one bird alone. Birds need companionship to keep them in good cheer, as we do."

"Well, my sister Freda is kind to birds," said Harold. "She never would have caged birds, but very early in the spring she would place little tables under the trees and about the large grounds, and she would keep different kinds of food on these tables for the birds.

"It seemed that the birds must have remembered this banqueting spot for many species came there! I can tell you that it was a splendid place to study bird habits and learn all about them. This was Freda's country home, and she named it Boundless Aviary. Freda never missed going early in the spring to meet the traveling birds.

"Sister says she has painted from life as they sat on the window sill or on a near bough, not a few that had some really peculiar marking, and then she watched for them the next spring. Many of them returned and built in their favorite nesting-places.

"Freda said as they sometimes sat on the window-ledge, looking into her face, singing their sweetest

songs, she felt that they wished to express their love and gratitude to her. But everybody who knows sister Freda loves her."

"Mamma and Arthur and I visited a few days once where the lady through her kindness had coaxed the birds nesting in the larkspur near her window to fly in and out of her chamber, and, dearest of all, a squirrel who lived in the same tree, he would come through the window to eat nuts from her hand and learned where she kept them in a small drawer of a rosewood cabinet.

"One day Arthur and I went in to feed him, as we had been given permission to, and he sat erect in the very drawer helping himself. What kind of bird was that, Arthur, that sat looking at himself in the mirror?"

"It was a magpie, Harry."

"O yes, a magpie. I remember now. All birds enjoy a mirror to view themselves, but especially does the magpie."

"I recall," said Arthur, "that remarkable crow we saw, who liked pennies. You know, boys, there was a tall fountain that formed a lagoon where web-footed fowls and some birds were kept. This crow would fly against the wires of the enclosure, and tease for pennies. If a man would stand near the wires, he would reach his beak through and search his pockets for pennies. If one was given him, he would fly at once to the lagoon and wash it, holding it safely in his beak or with his claw. After he was through washing it, he would hide it in his bank, which was a place in the sand. Each morning when the attendant cleaned the lagoon, he would get his pennies and put them safely in some other place, and after the attendant was

through he would carry them all back to his bank. He never lost one. Some one named him 'Sanitary.'

"There is another instance, my boys, which I think you will recall: that of our acquaintance made with the charming Mrs. Clara Harwood Cochran on her famous western trip.

"She carried a variety of seeds, and scattered them over the barren spots along our tour. She did this because a part of them, by the birds of flight, would be found for food, and some of them would fall upon tender ground and take root and grow, yielding a reward of beauty for those who followed the same track she had passed over."

"We can never forget her because of her kindness to you, too, mamma, when you needed a friend," said Harry.

Then Arthur arose, saying: "Boys, excuse me, please, for being the first to break this long yet interesting talk. My limbs are weary from sitting so much in school this week, and I feel like kicking a football twenty miles. You know a fellow gets very tired the first week of school after the delightful exercise of a long vacation.

"But all of this talk about birds and especially the thoughts of 'Boundless Aviary' brings vividly to my memory a promise away back in last year when a boy's mamma promised to spend a day in the woods visiting our feathered friends. To-morrow is Saturday. The opportunity is certainly ripe. Of course, Harold and Ward you are expected to be with us, and I would like some of the other boys to go if I knew they would keep quiet enough so that we could accomplish good results. What do you say?"

Harold answered first and said: "Do the same as

we do in our games. Those who break the rules pay the penalty of having to go home. We can draw up a set of rules, and those who do not wish to go badly enough to accept them need not go at all."

"Good thought, Harold," said Arthur, "knowing your passion toward parliament, we will leave that part for you to arrange."

"Arthur's splendid new camera over there looks good to me," said Ward. "I think there could never be a better time to use it."

"Perhaps it was intended for this occasion. I have never given it even a trial. I bought it in a famous camera store on my way home. It would be a great event if some of the photos proved of enough importance to be used by some famous ornithologist, and chronicled in the history of birds. The other boys who have cameras must take theirs for we want a large collection, and we will arrange a portfolio and present it to our school for a study."

"Mamma," asked Harry, "will you assist me that I may use my new one also?"

"Yes, dear, you and I will get some pictures of the mosses, plants, and foliage, for we shall soon need them to complete our winter pastime, preparing our portfolio of the specimens which we have found that are new to us this year."

"Arthur, which boys shall we invite?" asked Ward.

"Well it is hard to select. We will leave it to you, Ward. I would like to take little Billy if his mamma is willing, and it would be a great treat for him. He is small, but he is very intelligent and remembers everything. I'd rather talk with him than with some of the boys of my age, or even with some men. If he is not home when you call, look for him at the semi-

nary. The students have him there much of the time."

"What time shall we start, Mrs. French?"

"We will plan to meet as soon as possible after lunch and go directly to Moss Hollow, for I have often noticed flocks of birds there."

"I am sure it must be very near dinner time and there is much for us all to do this evening, so we will finish our plans by phone," said Harold. "And I wish to thank you in advance, Mrs. French, in behalf of all the boys for what to-morrow promises us. Your name has only to be mentioned among us and all are eager to go."

"Thank you, Harold," said my Beautiful Lady, "I always receive full value in return for anything that I can do to help fill a boy's days with the very best there is to be found for them."

A merry group gathered promptly after lunch on the next day. Miss Eleanor, who was interested in school work, and a friend of my Beautiful Lady, made one of our number. When the boys arrived Prince stood patiently waiting to carry the ladies in the carriage, and Harry and Billy who were to ride with them. As Arthur assisted Miss Eleanor, he asked her what she had in her basket. She answered, "a secret," which caused them all to laugh.

It was two o'clock in Moss Hollow, Harold had spoken the word "silence" before we reached there, and only whispers were to be heard after that. But the first sound was not a whisper. It was the whistle of a starling. Gradually it varied into truly musical notes, and his greeting was a very pleasant one.

But the beautiful breasted meadow-lark sang next, and we were for a time lost in his most wonderful music.

Then Arthur whispered: "Can you see that bright-colored wood-thrush?"

It is a rare chance to get near this very shy bird. The thrush did not seem to see us, and he opened his throat and sang most sweetly. The notes at last became varied, and through all his operatic singing ran one tender strain.

"Look," said Billy, "what pretty bird is that hanging downward on a cone? How does he do that without falling?"

"We will draw a little nearer," said my Beautiful Lady, "for this bird is quite fearless. It is a cross-bill. He feeds on the larch and cones, and learns to hang on the most slender twigs while he is eating. They are very affectionate birds, and if one loses his mate he will sit for days upon the branch from which she fell, sorrowfully watching for her return. His notes grow sadder and often so changed that they are unlike those he sang to his own true love."

"There is a cedar waxwing," said Floyd. "They are insectivorous and of great value in orchards. In fact, the beautiful forests of the world would be destroyed in time if it were not for this class of birds. See! There is a group of them. What soft browns show in the feathers on their bodies. But the tips of their wings and tails are not all alike. Some are of velvety black, some red, and yellow, and blue or gold. The crest on their heads is so modest. They are dear, modest-looking little birds in every way. I hope my camera has done good work on those, for they will be splendid to use in painting lessons."

"Ah there!" whispered Arthur. "Quiet now, Billy. I will get a picture of that lyre bird with a tail like an ancient harp, and paint one for you."

"I will try for that novel tailor bird," said Bennie, "who makes his nest by sewing two long leaves together, using his bill for a needle and vegetable fiber for thread."

"I want that mocking-bird, because his wonderfully varied notes have never yet been fully described," said Walter.

"There is a beautiful group of cockatoos, I must have those," said Arthur, "for they are perhaps the most intelligent birds. Anyway they come next to the magpie. Bird trainers have taught them to do wonderful acts, which fully demonstrate that they can understand our human language. But here come mamma, Harry, and Fanny from their little secret jaunt. They no doubt will have a different collection from ours."

"Do you see the sun is setting?" said my Beautiful Lady. "It is time for us to go now. But, wait a moment: I want Billy to see that little brownish bird that just darted up from the ground. It is the skylark. How he goes around and around in spiral circles. He rests now on the air currents. How his song floats down to us! Upward, upward, still upward, till he is lost in the clouds."

"Will he never return?" asked Billy.

"Watch a little and let us see," said my Beautiful Lady.

"Yes, there he comes. I see him!" said Billy. "Still coming in circles. Now we hear him singing! Around and around, he comes only in circles. O how still! he is resting again. How he floats downward! See! he is near the earth and has alighted. How did he know the way back to light right near his nest again?"

"God, who has brought all creatures into life, Billy,

has an infinite way of imparting to each an intelligence that belongs to his kind, and it is beyond mortal mind to always say how, or why. But it is our duty to respect the inborn rights of all.

"Now we must really start or we shall be late getting home. Let us take this little footpath. I think it will lead out where Prince is feeding on the sweet grass and the tender boughs, and he will be glad to carry Billy, Harry, and me home. As we have the two-seated phaeton, you can all change about in turn riding with us."

"Where is Miss Eleanor?" asked Walter.

"She decided to walk and has gone ahead, but you will see her later," answered my Beautiful Lady.

"We can have a few minutes now on the way to talk over some of the happenings. How many birds do you think you have photographed?"

"We must have at least one hundred varieties," answered Arthur. "I have a large number, and the other boys have been very successful. We have some duplicates, but so much the better as we can select the very best for the school studies. How many have you and Harry?"

"Mamma and I only tried for a few birds. Ours are mostly plant specimens," answered Harry, "but we have one surprise photo, unlike any that you have."

"Who could have planned a more delightful day?" said Jack. "Papa has said to me: 'How very small and uninteresting we can make our world, and yet, if we will become true seekers, how very large and interesting we find it.' Why, I wonder the woods were not filled to-day with both girls and boys making a closer acquaintance with our intelligent friends in the forests."

"There was a group of girls in the woods to-day," said my Beautiful Lady. "Harry and I saw them. They had arranged a little table, and placed upon it seeds and bread which attracted the birds, keeping them in a quiet position for a study, and they also left a bountiful supply of bread for a luncheon to-morrow. Well, here are Arthur and Guy. They have Prince harnessed already, waiting for us to step into the carriage."

"We took a short cut, for we were ravenously hungry; and at this point, boys, mamma has given Harry and me permission to announce a little surprise. You are all invited to dine at our table and your parents gave their consent before noon to-day. For my part, I am ready to race with our 'Prince' and see who can make the distance most quickly."

At this remark, Arthur started, and so did the boys and Prince. I found my voice for the first time since Harold pronounced "silence." I barked and leaped on ahead of them all, then back again, and everybody seemed willing that I should be chief entertainer until we reached the door of our home.

When the boys, with Arthur and Harry, had washed their faces and hands and brushed their hair, my Beautiful Lady asked them to go into the parlor for a moment. There was another surprise. As we entered, Miss Eleanor with the group of girls we met on our jaunt, arose from their chairs and welcomed the boys to the parlor.

It was a merry time for a few moments. Then Arthur said: "Ah! I think I see now the secret picture Harry spoke of, quickly developed and perfect as life. What is the name of your camera?"

Then Parker said: "I think such a picture will

lend grace as a frontispiece to our school portfolio, and that thanks are now due Harry." Parker's thoughtful suggestion was quickly adopted, and every voice acclaimed a vote of thanks to Harry.

My master and my Beautiful Lady invited all to the dining-room where a delicious dinner was ready. Billy was made guest of honor because of his very wise sayings and gentlemanly manner for such a small boy. Arthur received permission by telephone that he might also remain overnight, thus completing Billy's day of great pleasure.

The events of the evening were all too much and too great to be recorded here, except the closing. A Bird and Nature Study Class was organized of both girls and boys, to meet each Saturday during the remaining autumn days, and somehow the boys had gotten a form of words together, which they most courteously spoke to my Beautiful Lady as they stood with hats in their hands to say "Good Night."

"Not one slingshot was made to-day, but many a snapshot that will bring far greater pleasure into the heart of every girl and boy present, and at the evening's close, a work has been planned that will bring an added blessing to each of us."

CHAPTER XIII

TWO POLISHED DOGS

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, my lady was invited to spend some weeks at the beautiful summer home of Mr. Dallas in Ravinia. The scenery there is the most picturesque and romantic of any spot we have ever visited. The natural forest trees had not been supplanted by cultivated ones. The many ravines of unusual depth, beautified with tangled mosses and ivy, low running vines, and wooded flowers of many colors and varieties had given this place a well chosen name.

Arthur did not accompany us on this trip. The welcome extended us by Mr. Dallas on our arrival was heightened by the introduction of his sagacious, well-mannered Gordon setter dog.

Jack had soft, black shaggy hair without one white mark. Standing meekly beside his master, he wagged his tail, suggestive of recognition for new acquaintance. Then he walked quickly over to me and put his face close to mine a moment, while we spoke to each other in our own dog way. After that I felt perfectly at home, and we were the best of friends.

At Mr. Dallas' invitation, I walked into the reception-room. After a short conversation, my Beautiful Lady, Harry, and I were shown to our rooms. We had arrived in the early and beautiful morning. When we went down to breakfast, all restraint was put aside, and we glided into an easy and pleasant sympathy of pleasures as though we were old friends.

After breakfast Jack, in dog fashion, invited Harry and me to take a walk around the groves. I tell you we were charmed, as he led the way up and down those ravines, chasing the imaginary sights of dogs on such trips, and Harry loading himself with rare woodland flowers. We would have liked to pass the length of our first day in this chase, but Mr. Dallas requested Harry to return for a two o'clock lunch, so we had to make a short trip.

When we reached the yard, Jack and I quenched our thirst from a pretty artificial lake opposite the dining-room windows, though we had drunk many times when crossing some clear little brook. Dogs, you know, can drink every five minutes, and while it may be a habit, we really need large quantities of clean water to keep us healthy, and Harry says that it is because our skins are thick and we do not perspire like a person.

It was hot weather, and I was glad to notice, too, that in Jack's drinking dish there lay a piece of hard sulphur. After we had lapped the cool water from this fountain, we stood for a few minutes watching the graceful white swan, and beautifully feathered ducks who did not fly frightened away, but floated contentedly upon the still water of that little lake, seeming to know well-bred dogs would not harm or chase them. You can teach dogs to know right from wrong as well as boys.

As I cannot hold you to each interesting instance of our stay, I must skip ahead, because I do want you to hear about Jack Dallas. The first time I was really surprised about Jack's doings was on the evening of the first day. We had been on another short chase, and had come back warm and tired. As we entered the grounds, Jack trotted on around the corner of the house, I following behind, when suddenly he disappeared, and I could not tell

where. I looked in every direction and whined, but could not see or hear Jack. I sat on my haunches and wondered what could have happened, when Mr. Dallas asked: "Do you want to find Jack?" I suppose it was hearing his master's voice that brought him to us, but I was as puzzled in mind as ever, for just as he had vanished, he suddenly stood before us. Mr. Dallas understood what I was thinking of, for he walked up to a large door which was built low to the ground, and putting his hand against a panel, swung it open.

Jack entered again, and I followed to find him in his own apartments. There were three good sized rooms, with polished floors, and rugs, a handsome bed, pictures on the wall, and a white curtain at the windows. Another room pleasantly furnished that made you feel homelike. The other room had a bath-tub where Jack had his almost daily bath, and was combed and brushed until he looked the well groomed dog consistent with his good manners.

I was delighted to have my bath in the beautiful white bath-tub, but Harry had to use my own comb and brush, which were always carried with us, the same as were those of the other members of the family.

The second day we all went gathering flowers. Harry thought it would be fun to take a wheelbarrow, but before he had even lifted the handle bars to start, Jack, great fellow that he was, bounded in and looked into Harry's face as though saying: "A ride, if you please, will suit me."

Harry laughed at his suggestive manner and started, Jack sitting erect all the way until he was invited to make room for some choice flowers. That was one way in which we were different. I preferred always to run, but he liked to ride in the carriage with his master.

In the evening time Harry went into the library to rest in a large armchair and read. Jack went up to him, took the paper with his mouth from Harry's hand, laid it on the floor, then jumped into his arms, laying his head down to be rocked just like a child.

Nature in this place was unmolested, and too charming to leave without deep regrets. A scarlet tanager nested in the tree at the window where we slept, while robins and many bright plumaged birds kept the leaves fluttering. Ravinia was noted for its many sweet songsters and the always welcome call of the whippoorwill when the evening sky grew gray. Squirrels and rabbits just bounded across the yards and along the walks, void of fear, because no child or person was allowed to molest any of these creatures without paying a heavy fine.

We experienced a delight in this peaceful, humane place never found any where we had been before, yet I suppose there are others like it in this world. If not, we know how to make them so.

When the day came which terminated our visit with Mr. Dallas and his sister Isabel, we all had that kind of feeling which makes one want to cry. As we were preparing for the train Jack coaxed me in his dog fashion to stay, and while I liked him better than any other dog I had ever met, yet my Beautiful Lady came first always in my affection.

I do not think two dogs ever looked more sorry than we, as I stood beside Harry on the steps of the car looking down upon Jack's upturned face and pleading eyes. Mr. Dallas had his hand upon Jack's head, and Harry was holding me by my collar, or I guess I would have leaped down upon the platform again. The last I saw was Miss Isabel waving her handkerchief as the train was bearing us on our appointed way.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MONKEYS

AS each vacation time came there was always a list of very interesting invitations left over from the previous year. One of these Arthur and Harry could not resist accepting any longer, and this brought us to Crilly Park, our next stop.

My pen could never make you feel the charming atmosphere which pervaded this place, or the wonder and delight which greeted us as we found ourselves guests in the most artistic lodge which we had ever seen outside of picture books, and free to roam at will over the vast grounds, with a guide to answer the never-ending questions which flash as evening stars through the windows of a boy's mind, and this time through two boys' minds.

My Beautiful Lady and I would gladly tell you every detail of this visit, made short because of so much to be accomplished in a space of numbered days. But we have decided that at this writing we must draw the curtain, leaving just one portion to your view, that of the Lodge where Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus dwelt, and the chief attraction that had drawn Arthur and Harry there — "the monkeys."

It was eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived, but a late dinner had been arranged, where we formed a social circle around the table. The evening was shortened as much as possible, because it was the morning that would bring the introduction to this

interesting family of animals which are looked upon as more than half human.

It was four o'clock when the clear ringing tones of an alarm clock brought the boys to their feet, and this was an occasion when they only made a half toilet, and then rushed out to meet Mr. Cyrus, who had already reached the feeding cage and was giving directions to his men.

Such a company of old-mannish-faced looking creatures, and such chattering as they dropped, some deliberately, and others pell mell, from the branches of those trees where they had slept through the night. Certainly they were anything but mannerly or orderly.

"Are we late, Mr. Cyrus?" asked Arthur.

"No, the onions are not all peeled, and the banana man is just coming."

"What do you do with the onions?" asked Harry.

"They are the chief diet for their breakfast. Only a few of them eat any other food in the morning, and with those few, their appetites call for bananas."

"How queer," said Arthur, "but, in that, the monkeys are wiser than people who eat them for dinner and find a 'bad taste' in the morning."

"What other foods do they like, Mr. Cyrus?" asked Harry.

"They eat both sweet and white potatoes, which must be cooked, but they eat the carrots raw, and also the other vegetables. They are exceedingly fond of lettuce. They like all kinds of fruits, and we provide them as they come in their season. They especially like blueberries, and they never grow too old to want their cup of milk every day, usually at noon."

"Do they like the cow's milk as well as their native milk of the cocoanut?" asked Harry.

"It is not quite easy to say. They certainly are delighted when cocoanut day comes to them. They act like a group of picnickers, who are trying to see how much noise and fun they can have. One thing, may be, it is characteristic of them to do something out of the ordinary or to show off, and this gives them an occasion to snatch one and burrow the end open, and hold it up to their mouth with their hands, drinking as a person would.

That big fellow over there always examines his bread, and if it is not buttered, he looks with disgust at the one who gave it to him, and then throws it down. Do you see one little monkey sitting over there apart from the others? Well, one day when she was quite small we gave her a slice of bread and butter with brown sugar on it. Since then she refuses her bread and butter if the sugar is missing."

"Perhaps some other small ones would eat sugar if you tried them," said Harry.

"Not only the small ones would eat it, Harry, but they all like sweets. They are as pleased with a piece of candy as a boy is, and they like honey very much."

"Oh, Arthur! If we had only known this and brought them some of our delicious home made candy; I should enjoy, O, so much, feeding it to them," said Harry.

"But we can buy some. I suppose creatures of such fastidious taste would prefer chocolates, Mr. Cyrus?" asked Arthur.

"They are very fond of chocolates. Yet monkeys have their individual tastes, their likes and dislikes, much as do people. That is one serious error people make in their treatment and care of them, and

in fact this blunder is made with all of the so-called dumb animals, and often it proves a sad mistake."

"Well," said Arthur, "I should think it would be a task to learn something of each one of these three hundred monkeys."

"Yes, that is true, yet it is not so difficult. I learn it from them in turn as I come in touch with them. Their temperaments and dispositions are as distinct as in children, and should be treated with the same careful study and consideration.

"A child that has a melancholy, moody, and depressed spirit should never or seldom be punished, and if at all, it should be done with a kindly expression of feeling and regret. Such a nature needs smiles, cheery words of encouragement, and most gentle treatment to lift it from its pitiful tendency toward the development of a sullen, revengeful, and often cruel spirit.

"All creation lower than man responds the same, and it is for us wisely to study each life and learn its needs. The physical construction of monkeys is so like our own that they are subject to our diseases, and our own thoughtful and skillful family physician should be called when they are ill. I have a case in my mind now."

Just then, Mrs. Cyrus appeared, saying, "Well, I have signaled several times for breakfast, and decided at last to come and see if you had breakfasted with your little brothers and sisters of the woods."

"No, Mrs. Cyrus," said Arthur, "but they have certainly been given their food in a very clean and palatable way. For a treat, I think it would pass all right."

"Mother, I am sorry that I have kept your famous

muffins waiting, because I know it is not right after you have been so kind as to make them," said Mr. Cyrus.

"Oh, muffins! We like those best of anything for breakfast," said Harry.

After the first serving was over, Arthur said, "Mr. Cyrus, I am anxious to hear about the case you were just going to relate before we came in."

"I prefer to let Mother tell that one. It was about James and his pet."

"Mr. Cyrus will never tell a story if I am present, so I may as well make no excuses. My nephew, James, had for some time wanted a monkey, but somehow we never sent him one, until one day we became discouraged over a sickly little fellow that did not recover under treatment as we had hoped, and we decided that a change might help him.

"It was only a few hours until he was on his way for a change of climate, and a telegram speeding ahead told James on what train he would arrive. James is only seven years old, but a very thoughtful, kindly dispositioned boy, and we knew that little Mickie would receive the best of care.

"James quickly saw his opportunity to be merciful to one suffering and helpless, and as his papa was a noted physician, he placed his new charge under his papa's medical treatment. Much to the astonishment of those who saw the sickly little creature, and to James and his papa's delight, Mickie was restored to perfect health.

"At a 'frat' dinner, where James was guest of honor he was asked what kind of monkey he had. Resting his chin on his hand and meditating a moment, he answered, 'Why, a vegetarian.'"

"Perhaps that is why they are so very 'nimble' and graceful," I was about to say.

"Mr. Weston, the most famous of pedestrians, has been, since a child, a vegetarian. Some very accurate tests have been made in the human body which prove this a good diet," said Arthur.

"Why do you not also give to Mr. Weston the credit due him that he is non-narcotic? This cannot but add to his great strength and endurance," said my Beautiful Lady.

"Yes, and ought we not to consider that the monkeys have always been temperance people?" said Harry.

"If we could class them as 'people,' my child," said his mamma.

"This is very interesting to us, isn't it Mother?" said Mr. Cyrus; "we had prided ourselves on knowing all of any importance to be known about monkeys, but never before had these thoughts been presented to us, and they are worthy of consideration."

"But it is very small compared to the valuable and exceedingly interesting knowledge which we are receiving in return for it," Arthur said.

"The morning is too delightful for us to remain in the Lodge, and I wish you all to meet some of the members of this great family, in a personal way. Come, I will lead down this little side path where I have planted my own favorite vines and flowers," and we followed Mrs. Cyrus through an enchantment of trellis and roses.

Her first stop was at a cage where a prehensile monkey was hanging by his tail to the wires, and as Mrs. Cyrus came near he put out his paw as though to shake hands with her as she said, "Good morning, Loafer; what mischief are you planning now?"

Quickly he dropped to the floor of his cage, and began working with rapid movements at the lock which held him in.

"Why does he do that, Mrs. Cyrus?" asked Harry.

"He wishes to get out and follow us, and he does this to attract my attention by way of saying 'please unlock the door.' Don't you, Loafer?"

How he banged the lock, acting with a nervous fear that he might be left. But he was not. The door was opened, and he sprang upon Mrs. Cyrus' shoulder, chattering in a gleeful way, no doubt his manner of expressing both joy and gratitude.

"We cannot use snap locks on the monkey cages, because any of them will snap open the lock as quickly as a person and walk out. We can only use those with keys," said Mrs. Cyrus.

"This old Capuchin with his black cap, named you know from its resemblance to those worn by those old monks in their French monastery, just takes full charge of that large cage where so many of them are. He takes it upon himself to chastise both the young and the old when he considers it necessary, and sometimes for light offense. We call him Monk, and he acts his part quite to perfection.

"The monkeys seem to reverence him, and he walks about among them as father of them all. But we have spent so much time with these smaller ones, and the hours are swiftly passing, that we will go now into another apartment."

Just then we noticed a chimpanzee standing near a door, dressed like any man who would be acting in the capacity of a guard, and Mrs. Cyrus handed him a ring which had perhaps twenty keys. The chimpanzee took the keys and, looking them all over, selected one

which unlocked the door, and we all passed through, but as we did so Mrs. Cyrus bowed, saying:

"Thank you, Chim."

"Here is Sapho and her little one, Cupid," said Mrs. Cyrus. "Sapho comes next to the chimpanzee in the list of intelligence, and you see she has more nearly a human face. Sapho, come near the bars."

Then Mrs. Cyrus put her hand through to caress her, and presently we saw her nibbling Mrs. Cyrus' finger.

"Why does she do that?" asked my Beautiful Lady.

"She is my manicurist," laughed Mrs. Cyrus. "She can smooth down any rough places on the flesh, and will pick out a hangnail without causing any pain. She loves to fix my nails, but I cannot understand how she does it. See? She is turning my fingers up to the light now, inspecting them to find where they are not finished. She usually gets a cookie for this, and she does like cookies as well as I did my grand-mamma's.

"She is perfectly delighted when I bring her nasturtiums. First, she admires them for a little time, picking up each one in turn, and at last sits down with a real satisfaction and eats them, and she also shows preference for bright red geraniums. After admiring those she will eat them. She seems to like the pungent scented geranium as well as people do the nasturtium salads."

Just then Cupid reached through the bars into the next apartment and did something to another little monkey, causing it to cry out loudly as with pain. Sapho sprang instantly; catching Cupid by his shoulders, and holding him up, she shook him, then looked at him as though to say "Naughty Cupid, naughty boy to hurt a little playmate." Then she whipped

him with her hand until he cried. But when she heard him cry, it touched her heart, and putting her arm about his neck, she drew him tenderly to her and kissed him several times."

"Is not that a true expression of motherhood?" said Mrs. Cyrus to my Beautiful Lady.

"Most true! Most true! Most perfect in demonstration of their inborn nature of motherhood."

"Here is another that we regard as our Lady of the Manor," and Mrs. Cyrus called, "Come Lady, I wish my guests to meet you, and will you shake hands with them?"

She came up in a really proud, aristocratic way and bowed quite low, then she shook hands with my Beautiful Lady, Arthur, and Harry. She turned quickly, then, back to my Beautiful Lady, and chattering very softly, she reached to shake again.

Mrs. Cyrus remarked that this was an unusual proceeding, and it must be to express a special delight in meeting my Beautiful Lady.

Attracted by my eager look and earnest attention, my Beautiful Lady said, "Fanny, these are certainly new acquaintances of yours, too, and I think you and Lady ought to shake paws and become friends also. Would you not be pleased to do this?"

I wagged myself, barking in my low conversational way, and tried to look the delight I felt over this my first recognition in a matter so deeply important to my animal kingdom, and I had certainly been wonderfully pleased to be in company with Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus, who were doing so much to bring about a better understanding, and awakening a fuller feeling of sympathy between the creatures of my kingdom and their own.

Then Mrs. Cyrus said: "Lady, give me your hand,"

and she did, and my Beautiful Lady said: "Fanny, let me take yours," and I did, and then I felt Lady's human-like fingers clasp tenderly my paw, and through the kindness of these two friends of ours, just then, another friendship was more closely formed.

"See," said Harry, "she has gold earrings in her ears."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cyrus, "she admired my diamond ones so much, and teased so for them, that Mr. Cyrus made a place in her ears so that she could wear a pair. Strange, but she held still and seemed to know what it meant, and when we presented a pair of gold hoops to her, she held them so tighlty in her hand that we had some difficulty in persuading her to let us put them in her ears. They are a pair that Mr. Cyrus' aunt once wore, the old-fashioned ones, you know, and she is just as fond of a breast-pin or finger rings.

"I made her a pretty bonnet one day, and brought her into my dressing-room. Then I put on the bonnet, tying the bright pink ribbon under her chin. Then you should have seen the proud, haughty lady viewing herself in my mirror. O, she is passionately fond of colors.

"One day I returned from a trip, and I had a new suit that Lady had not seen. When her eyes caught sight of it, she teased me to lift her in my arms, which I did. The suit was a blue, and had some rather artistic design in other color on the yoke. She picked carefully at the yoke, chattering to me about it. Then she noticed the little blue velvet hat I wore, and putting her paw on the velvet, she smoothed it softly and touched the flowers as softly as I could have done.

"But the dearest of all, she finally caressed my cheek and, looking into my eyes, still chattering, seemed to

say: 'O, you look so nice. It is all very becoming to you.'

"But Arthur and Harry are so quiet, I fear they think this all too feminine for them, and are wishing they were where they would hear and see something more to their liking."

"Why, no. Pardon us, Mrs. Cyrus, if we have seemed inattentive," said Arthur. "I am sure I have felt more interested in this interview with these 'people,' as Harry called them, than any subject, if I may term it so, that it has been my privilege to meet within my young life; and as I have watched the thoughtfulness, the wonder in their faces to-day, I have at last fallen into a 'brown study,' trying to think why they have not the power to use words as we do.

"The only answer that has come to my thoughts is this — perhaps we would not have such dear people in our world as you, Mrs. Cyrus, and my mamma, if it had not been left for such to be drawn closely to them in an effort to learn to understand the thoughts of the dumb, and speak for them to those who disregard their very useful places in the world, and to protect their rights."

I noticed a new light resting upon Arthur's face, and I think his mother saw it, for she laid her hand gently on his shoulder and I heard her say: "Yes, Arthur, and to put into use that little field of sympathy within a young life but means that its borders will widen into broad acres of possession in later years. And Mrs. Cyrus, I would indeed feel badly if my sons should think that they were not in sympathy with the thought movements of to-day. I would also know that they had ceased to be the lovable and

strengthening characters which have made them so companionable to me."

"Your last sentence moves me deeply, Mrs. French, for it is what my heart has craved — the love of a child, and I have none."

Just then came a call from the Lodge for luncheon, and we were all ready to answer that call. Mrs. Cyrus said that I could have my dinner at once, and asked the cook to serve me. I was glad of her thoughtful attention, and after lunch I lay down for a nap.

I was awakened by hearing their voices in the parlor, and went in to see what they were doing. They were looking at photos, and I heard Harry exclaim, "O, Mrs. Cyrus! What is this? Is it a monkey stretched out like a child on a white bed?"

"That is a baby orang-outang. I christened her Bright Eyes. She lived to be only nine months old."

"It looks like a picture taken in a sitting-room," said Harry. "Will you tell us about it?"

"Yes. It all happened in the sitting-room of the Lodge, the room next to the one we are in now, and her little white bed was made just like our bed, with a white spread and a pillow for her head. The picture was taken during the last week of her illness.

"When she first came I called her my baby, and kept her with me in the house much of the time. She always preferred to be with me, and would put out her little arms in a pleading way whenever she saw me, and was always delighted when I took her with me.

"Yet at times she enjoyed being out among the others, playing in a tree in the morning or evening. She soon learned to sit at the table in a proper way, to drink her milk from a cup, and to use her little spoon,

and it looked so cunning whenever she wiped her mouth with her napkin.

"Whenever she did a polite thing, and we praised her, she often felt proud, and any reproof nearly broke her little heart. She was fond of bright colored ribbon bows for the top of her head, and wanted to choose which one she would wear. I made some pretty little aprons for her. Some were very dainty, and she knew which were the prettiest and daintiest as well as a little girl could, and would dance about with special delight when I put one on her.

"In the photo, you notice very plainly that ring on her finger? Well, it is a silver ring that was given to me by a traveler, and it was made in China and has a Chinese symbol engraved on the seal. Bright Eyes would work at it until she removed it from my finger to her own, and then her delight was great.

"Finally I allowed her to wear it all the time. She would sit in her little rocking-chair and rock and love her dolly, and be as tender with it as a little child could be.

"Dear Bright Eyes!

"But there are so many many instances dear to my memory, that I often recall, as I think of her human-like, childlike ways, and I must leave all of those, because, somehow, I want to tell you of her pathetic illness, and how she went away where she cannot ever come to play again in our home.

"She had been outside for several days, I think more than usual. The first day of her illness, or that we noticed anything, she went up to Mr. Cyrus, and, in her way, asked him to take her, which he did, and then he noticed she did not seem well.

"He brought her directly to me, and I knew at once

that she was feverish. I put her in her little bed and sent for our physician. We gave her the best of attention and care, but she grew steadily worse. Pneumonia developed, and I made a poultice jacket just as my mother used to make, and kept this on her, but not many hours later the physician pronounced it double pneumonia, and we felt all hope gone.

"I tried so hard to keep her arms and hands covered. She willingly let the covers remain over one arm and hand, not the one that the little silver ring was on; presently she would draw that hand out, look at the ring a moment, and then contentedly lay it on top of the white spread.

"But it all happened on the tenth day of her illness. I had left her side for a few moments when I heard her moan-like call. I went quickly to take her. As I did, she laid her head on my shoulder, put her little hand with the ring against my cheek, and then it fell useless down by her side. I heard a sound in her throat, and laid her back on her pillow.

"She looked into my face with a smile as evident upon her features as could be seen on a human face. Then her bright eyes closed, and she fell into her long sleep."

It is useless to say that all were deeply touched while listening to Mrs. Cyrus telling of this instance.

Mr. Cyrus had come in quietly, and I could see he wished to change the sad thoughts, for he said: "Mother, have you told them about Consul?"

"No, I have not. You can tell about him. He was one of your favorites."

"Well," began Mr. Cyrus, "Consul was a large chimpanzee that was bow-legged. He never seemed to mind it, though, except when he was dressed in his

tuxedo suit. It embarrassed him then, and if he was going to remain standing for a few minutes, he looked about cautiously, waiting until he thought no one was watching him, and then he would stoop down, and with his fore-paws turn outward one foot and then the other, making each one to point straight. When he stood erect again, he would look up as though he wished to say, 'I am all right,' and he was 'all right,' too, in many ways.

"But I came in to ask you all to come out to the conservatory to see the flowers. It is late afternoon now, and I think the flowers always lift their blossomed heads a little higher and give forth a fuller fragrance about this time.

"We have just about one-half hour before the call for our dinner. After that we will take a drive about, for I do not wish you, Mrs. French, and your boys to think we have no interest or pleasure outside of the monkeys."

I did not care for flowers, and so lay down on the cool grass to rest. I must have had a vision for I thought I was trotting on down a straight and narrow path. It was a lovely way to follow — and I heard such pleasing sounds that sometimes seemed like voices, yet all the while I felt an enchantment which came to me from many different directions. At last I saw boys and girls approaching in the distance. They carried books in school bags and I knew then that they had prepared this enchanted way, and had brought about tender feelings through education that had changed multitudes to the most humane sentiment for the animal world, making me happy and the whole world happier.

Just then I heard some one say "Doggie." I was startled for it was a boy in blue uniform, and he had

a letter in his hand. Mr. Cyrus saw him, and came to meet him.

It was a message to my Beautiful Lady, saying not to be worried, but that grandmamma was not very well and was anxious to see us all soon. Dear Grandmamma! Nothing could detain us longer than necessary, for she had been alone a long time with her servants. Grandpapa went away to his distant home, my Beautiful Lady had told us, before even Harry saw him, and of course I had never seen him.

But Harry would go to see him some day, and my Beautiful Lady told me that possibly I would see him, too.

There was an evening train that would get us to grandmamma's in the early morning, and it was quickly decided to go on that. While we were in our room, and Arthur and Harry were getting their mamma's valise and theirs ready, and she was resting, Harry said.

"Mamma, why does Mr. Cyrus call Mrs. Cyrus 'Mother?' She told us that she has no children."

"He calls her 'Mother' because her heart goes out with mother-love to every living creature. Did you not notice to-day as we followed her about, how the eyes of all rested upon her face, eagerly looking for that word or caress which alone could satisfy their hearts and make them happy? Each one grew calmed and docile, and some fell into a peaceful sleep after she had passed by.

"She is grand, she is magnificent, but greatest of all — she is a mother in the broadest sense of the word."

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus came up to our room to ask if there was anything they could do to assist, but the boys had everything in perfect readiness.

Each one felt a deep regret at parting, but there came a comforting thought that we might come again, and I hope some day to tell you very much more about Crilly Park, and those who live there in a blessed world all by themselves, where no unkind words are spoken, and where they are helped to feel that they are living out their mission, and teaching some lesson of wisdom to all mankind.

CHAPTER XV

AT THE SEA SHORE

OUT of this evening's meditations, there comes the recollection of some pleasing acquaintances, which my Beautiful Lady and I formed during a short rest at the sea shore.

Hotel Plaza was quite a retiring homelike place where people liked to be who mingled much in the affairs of the busy world, and for that reason, wished to rest. One of the guests, a gentleman, I particularly remember, because he was very kind to me and told nice stories of my dog friends.

One morning, as I lay in the hall, this gentleman came and sat down beside me, patted my head, and talked to me as though I were an intelligent creature, which caused me to like him at once. When my Beautiful Lady came out of the dining-room, he told her how he had been making my acquaintance, and said he knew a lady, who once had a greyhound, which was just the picture of me.

One day this lady died very suddenly, and when the funeral procession left the house the dog joined in, and with drooping head and low plaintive moans, followed to the cemetery. He watched the burial of his mistress, and then lay down beside the grave. The dog could not be persuaded to leave, and at the end of two weeks died of grief.

This kind gentleman took my face between his hands and said to my Beautiful Lady: "I would be much happier if I could own this lovely creature. I ad-

mired her the first day you came and her intelligent ways have been most interesting to me.

"I like her so much that I will give any price for her. That lustrous light in her eyes is worth more to me than the luster of all my valuable diamonds. I will gladly give you all of these for her."

When my Beautiful Lady saw the tears in his eyes, she wondered if it was his wife who had died suddenly. His offer of the diamonds, or their value in money, she did not consider for an instant, but the appeal to her sympathies touched her heart and she said: "If Fanny could speak, as a human being is able to do, and decide if she were willing to make a sacrifice, I would leave the matter to her, but as I must be her voice, I feel that I could justly be held accountable if I should fail to consider the tender love she has for her own home. Therefore, while I regret to deny you this great comforter, I trust that you will understand my feeling of responsibility to this poor dumb creature for the kind of treatment I owe to her. But I have noticed that Fanny has shown a marked fondness for you, which comes from her highly developed perceptions. She knows that you like her, and it is my pleasure, (and I believe it will be your pleasure also, Fanny dear, will it not?) for her sometimes to accompany you in your walks, or to be near you in this hotel, while we remain." I looked devotedly into her lovely countenance, then into the face of this gentleman, and I could see, or feel, something which also drew me toward him, and I lapped his hand, to express my good feeling towards him, but I could not be persuaded to leave one so dear, no, not even to gain another friend.

It was our pleasure to make another interesting acquaintance—that of a lady, who was staying at this

"I know you, old fellow. Come over here to me!"

sea-side hotel. She had several very interesting pets that she had brought from different parts of the world which we were permitted to see. Just then she turned, and would you believe it, she barely put her head between the portieres when two Japanese black fantail fish, fully fifteen feet away, instantly saw her and rushed to the near side of the aquarium. Their sight and love is wonderful for those who care for them. And then our attention was attracted to a dear little chameleon that does not need to talk for you know by the color of their coat whether they are happy or angry. At that moment Harry said, "Oh! see he has turned green," and the lady said: "You must have done something to anger him. You see they have a very marked trait of changing to different colors for self-protection. Even the least sentiment of all life, which lives in pretty colored shell houses know how to close their homes extremely fast to prevent you from harming them."

The lady told my mistress stories of other interesting creatures she had seen when traveling.

I wish to tell of a very interesting poet, who was also stopping at the same hotel. His initials are J. W. R. Can you guess who he is? Well, he and his friend who was also a guest at the same hotel, told us some very interesting incidents. One day as J. W. R. stood before the tank of a hippopotamus, he looked into its huge and apparently dull face, and it seemed to him the expression was dejected and melancholy. He spoke to the great beast in English, but without response. Then he said in Arabic: "I know you, old fellow. Come over here to me." Instantly the big head turned, and the eyes were fastened upon the speaker. The words were repeated, and then the

animal waddled up to the bars to let his new friend rub his head, expressing appreciation and gladness to have met one that had a fellow feeling for him. This gentleman said he had spoken the native tongue to many animals, and found them quick to respond. He also said he was positive that all animals understand more human speech than most people think they do.

Another guest, a very learned zoölogist, speaking of the traits of tigers, lions and other animals, said that he found them possessing marked individual tastes and widely varying disposition. He told us of a tigress, Kitty, who was so ferocious that no one ever entered her cage. She was so cross that, to use a saying, she must have hated herself. Nothing but growls and a glaring of the fiery eyes greeted any one who approached the cage. Yet, when the keeper's wife, who was a lover of animals, gently waved before Kitty her small white handkerchief, scented with the perfume of wooded flowers, speaking softly and most kindly her name, the tigress, fascinated by the delicate odor, would gradually become more passive. Presently she would lie down very docile looking, half closing her eyes. Sometimes she would go very near the bars as though she would really like to have her head rubbed, something all animals enjoy. In contrast to this wild natured animal was a lion in a near cage, that was born in his native land but had been brought to the zoo when one year old. He was of a kindly disposition and his keeper said that it had never been necessary to punish him. He was at that time about fifteen years of age, had always been passive and contented in captivity, was as gentle as a kitten in his play and looked for the usual caresses of his keeper, and would

put his paw through the bars to shake hands with any one, if his keeper asked him to.

Some animals are enraptured with the sound of soft music, while it makes others howl with rage; some are fond of small animals, which they fondle as pets, while others are cross and treacherous to them. He also said, if people would make a study of the lives and traits of animals, they would find many convincing proofs of a capacity to enjoy pleasurable things, or to suffer fear and pain, while they possess no small amount of affection and reasoning power.

A comical story was told of a baboon whose young had died and a kitten was substituted. The bereaved parent took kindly to the little kitten; brought it up through the perils of infancy, and seemed satisfied with its behavior, until one day wee kitty scratched its foster-mother's nose. The baboon showed great surprise, and after deliberating a while seized the offender by the neck, examined its foot, squeezed out each little claw and promptly bit it off.

A gentleman told us of a horse he once owned, which in a playful mood snapped at his master's shirt sleeve, just as he had done many times before; this time he bit into the flesh hurting the man considerably. Instead of scolding the horse, he showed him that he was suffering with pain, and told him, kindly, never to bite him again, with the result that the horse never repeated the trick.

He told an incident of meeting at a strange house a very savage dog who would not let him ring the bell. Instead of trying to subdue the animal's anger by threats, he reasoned with him kindly, just as he would have done with a fellow-being. The dog began

to show signs of relenting, and in a few moments was licking the stranger's hand, as if to apologize for having threatened to tear him to pieces.

My Beautiful Lady followed this story with several, during the recital of which I clearly demonstrated that I understood all ordinary conversation. I whacked my tail upon the floor, and looked up into her face to let her know that I knew that she was talking about me. The gentleman nodded knowingly, and said: "Animals have their peculiar and simple method of conveying information and of communicating emotion."

This noted writer, who had made himself a student of dumb animals also, called me to him, and said he could not understand how any person could look into such eyes and not read in them thoughts quite ready for expression. He spoke of my finely-shaped head and graceful body.

To-night, in my revery, while telling you of these people who had wise thoughts, such kind hearts, and were living the truly noble life, I also recall many beautiful faces I have seen — faces that wore a light which made you feel glad and comfortable. When you were tired, to look at them rested you; when you were in great trouble, it made you calm. Just now I am thinking of one, of whom my Beautiful Lady said: "Her influence was like a zephyr that has come across fields aglow with fragrant flowers."

My Beautiful Lady and I often visited her in her lovely mansion home, 267 Prospect Avenue. Her hair was very, very white, but her eyes were young and tender in their light, and her voice held the tone of perfect love. I noticed that she was busy much of the time sorting bundles of leaflets, and on them I saw pictures of birds and animals. Her face was radiant

with smiles, and I knew she was interested in her work, whatever it happened to be. I am sure you will know the picture of her face when you see it in my book.

In my travels, it has been very gratifying to find so many defenders of our rights. Our suffering is caused more through ignorance than mere maliciousness.

To-night my Beautiful Lady told me how thankful I must be for the associations which I have been privileged to have.

KINSHIP

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I am the voice of the voiceless,
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The wrongs of the wordless weak.

From the street, from cage and kennel,
From stable and zoo the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh shame on the praying churchman
With his unstalled steed at the door,
Where the winter beats with snow and sleet,
And the summer sun rays pour.

Oh shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not stopped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in death's dumb eyes—
The sorrow that has no speech.

The same force formed the sparrow
That fashioned man, the king;
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and feathered thing.

And I am my brother's keeper—
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.

CHAPTER XVI

PEACEFUL DAYS

MY Beautiful Lady has said there comes a time in everyone's life when there is experienced an unusual feeling of peace and restfulness. Such a time had come to me. All of my days had been surrounded with such peace and happiness that perhaps I ought not to say this, but these seemed the crowning ones to me.

My master was very happy, and his business interests were all a success. His trials, if he had any, were very light. The boys were strong and well, and active in harmless sports of childhood. My Beautiful Lady seemed happier than ever, and her love for humanity was bringing a rich reward into her life, making her character more beautiful.

I slept on a rug near her bed, and where I could watch her, and now and then laid my nose on her pillow to make sure she was breathing, for I did not like to have her lie so quiet. If the night was chilly, she would reach out her hand to see if I was covered, and as it grew colder, she would wrap my blanket about me. Every morning it was hung out on the line to air, but if the day was gray and damp it was folded and placed in the closet, where I could get it and drag it out with my teeth; then some one would cover me over.

Sometimes my Beautiful Lady had company who did not like dogs, and then she would say: "Fanny, go into the closet for a little while and lie on your blanket." Sometimes she would send me to her bed-

room. I never disobeyed her, but always went just where she told me to go.

Once when Arthur disobeyed his mother she said to him: "Cannot you be as respectful as a dog? Fanny always does as I ask her to, and she should be an example to you." This touched Arthur's pride, and he at once asked his mother's pardon.

These were also very interesting days in the boys' lives, so much for them to learn to do, and I noticed they were very thoughtful days for their mother.

While she gave them many precepts, yet she realized there were mother duties for her to perform if their lives were to become rounded and full. So she studied their different characteristics, and arranged their rooms in accordance with the taste of each. She often read them stories of varying sentiments and craftsmanship, that each mind might receive the training needed.

I never once heard my Beautiful Lady or my master say to Arthur or Harry that he was in the way or that they wished the boys would go out on the street or to some neighbors to play; or that they could not sit in the library to read and look over the most expensive books.

They were never told that they could not go into the parlors at any time even to entertain their boyhood friends if they wished to. There were just certain rooms that were private and not at all times for their use. Those were my Beautiful Lady's, my master's, the guests' rooms and the servants'.

At these doors they never entered without first knocking and being invited in. Yet many, many events and happy hours occurred even in those rooms where some quiet time was passed in heart to heart confidence, some social time with games, some merry

making, or just any of those occasions among which no one could mention all that wove the hours which made those peaceful days.

As they grew older, they went alone to the public libraries to select their best liked authors and books; but she never failed to discuss the contents of the latter with the boys, giving them wise words of counsel, where needed.

They were never punished, nor seldom corrected, in the presence of others, but if their boyish natures overcame their good training and a reproof became necessary, she would send them from the room on some errand, and they knew they were not to return. She did not punish them for the first offense, but would discuss the wrong the injured one had suffered, and would consider the effect that wrong would have on the building of good character.

She joined in all the games and amusements if they wished her to, and entered into every interest of their plans with the same zeal she expected of them when it was their time to assist her.

Their hats and coats always hung where they belonged. They did not have to be sent from the table, because their hair was not brushed or their hands and nails were not clean. It did not seem a task to them to have their appearance always tidy. They had a proper place to keep everything belonging to them.

That was one thing I liked—the boys were trained even when small to have a certain care over their clothes, to dust their shoes and place them in the closet, and it was really a comfort to go in their rooms, which were always nice and orderly.

Yet I recall that I once heard Arthur say: "Fanny don't have to keep her room orderly. I wish I were a

dog." His mother said: "If you were a dog, you would have to live a dog's life, which is far less interesting than yours." I never again heard him make such remarks.

Whenever plans were being made for the entertainment of guests in the home for a day or longer, it did not matter if they were of new or long time acquaintance or how distinguished, Arthur and Harry were given a share of the time in which they had full charge of the occasion.

If the visitors were friends for a day or a few hours, perhaps it would be a surprise of some interesting or humorish nature, but never rude. But if the guests were from some other city, then the order of sight seeing was usually most delightful. This plan gave their mother time for needed rest and the usual daily duties, while it helped the boys to feel orderly and manly, and taught them how to appear at ease in the presence of even strangers, and at all times to be courteous and gallant.

They must have been charming in their manners and attention, because each had many little gifts received as tokens of pleasant memories on such occasions.

If my Beautiful Lady spent a day in shopping, one of the boys, even when quite young, always attended her. They carried her money purse and learned to pay each bill and expense correctly. They were so thoughtful and attentive and became such good shoppers, and guided their mother so tenderly that she never seemed greatly wearied at the close of the day.

But the dinner hour was a time of relating most pleasant and delightful experiences, and these evenings numbered among the happiest ones.

You would be surprised to know how busy their mother kept them; how they helped her every day in all the plans of the home, and yet she had a way of doing it all which kept the boys from feeling their work was drudgery, and she spoke of them as "Mother's helpers."

They learned to feel that no day was complete without the aid of their thoughts, their plans, and their willing hands. There were so many birthdays to be planned for, so many days to be remembered for some special cause that as soon as the enjoyment of one was over another must immediately be planned for.

They learned to make most delicious candies, but they were never allowed to work in the kitchen until the cook was all through, for they must not detain her. Their mother said their candies were very pure and inexpensive, and they always had pretty boxes filled and ready to give away to friends on different occasions.

It made one's heart glad to know how kind Arthur and Harry were in remembering to give their candies to the people of homes where the delicate and sometimes rich deserts were never found on the tables. They had learned that the sugar was used in the body to create energy, and sickly children were often benefited as well as made happy by the gift.

But there were always those little children who had so much less than these boys of ours had that no end of thoughtfulness was needed daily for such as they. It was wonderfully interesting to look over the often inexpensive yet pretty things they made. All of these things filled in the niches between study, play, and work, keeping them from even thinking of the games in careless and dangerous street life, and often I have

heard other boys calling them to come out and play, but Arthur would answer that he was too busy to go.

All these things made them very lovable boys. Quietly and in secret, their mother laid many plans that a chain of happiness which could hold the soul-growth should not be broken.

I am anxious for my dear readers to know that I came in for my part in the pleasures of those many happy and peaceful days. Sometimes I did not feel at all like a dog, but like some human creature.

I always looked forward to the morning with pleasure for then she went out to walk, and she nearly always invited me to go with her. I would follow her about the rooms watching her movements until she would say: "You may go, Fanny." Then I would bark and run and look out of the window, impatient until she opened the door. I was glad to leap and run, stretching my muscles from the long rest of the night.

I would often jump right over the backs of other dogs, just to give them a little start, and then leap on far ahead and run back again to meet My Lady. You know it was rare to see one of my kind, and the unusual graceful motions of my body attracted the attention of people and children everywhere. But when she was going to visit the sick, or on an errand where she knew the people did not like dogs, she would say: "Fanny, I can not take you with me this morning. Be a good dog until I return."

Perhaps it was not right for me to show a spirit of rebellion, but I would hang my head and creep into a corner, feeling sadly disappointed. After she had gone I would go to the window, put my feet on the window sill, and look up and down the street as far as I could see. If she were not in sight, I would talk

in my dog-fashion to the housemaid for a few minutes and run again to the window, watching until she returned. Sometimes the maid would open the door that I might lie on the porch. How glad I was when I would see her coming, and with my fleetest bounds I would rush to meet her.

Everybody who knew me praised my beauty, and said, "What a wise dog". There was every reason why I should be; my Creator made me beautiful, and I had the privilege of living with a cultured family who understood dumb animals.

Of course, certain dog characteristics always clung to me, certain things of my nature which I enjoyed. One was to cause the people to stop, look at me, and laugh as I leaped over the backs of other dogs on the street, perhaps circling around and around them, then racing off with a speed that left all dogs behind me.

So many remarkable and pleasant incidents happened during those peaceful days, that I scarcely know which ones would be of greatest interest to you, but as I cannot tell you all, I have mentioned a few among my most pleasant memories.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SAD VISIT

AFTER the beautiful picture of our peaceful days, I deeply regret having to bring you face to face with the changes that came to my Beautiful Lady and to me, her faithful dog.

I wish there were some way I could meander around and leave this chapter out of our story, but I can not. Inevitably, sad events and afflictions came into our lives as into this book, but they were like trials which come into the lives of those who can speak and those who feel but cannot speak.

Twelve as happy years as could come to any family, or into a dog's life, had, like an unbroken chain, been our experience. Again vacation time had come, bringing the day of our usual departure for dear Summer Rest and the short trips which had always closed for us a delightful season.

Again I had walked about the rooms, giving anxious attention to every preparation. I had gone to the street to see the trunks put into the bus and back to my Beautiful Lady's side to lay my face for a moment close to her soft white dress and hear her speak my name.

Once more at the depot, I tremblingly stood beside Arthur while he held me by the chain as we waited for the coming train. I knew that I must be fastened in the baggage car away from the family and again pass through that unpleasant experience. I had never been able to overcome that haunting sense of fear when

traveling. What a longing look I always gave my Beautiful Lady as she tenderly said good-bye and bade me go like a good dog into the baggage car, as she entered the coach.

This time I kept up a constant moaning and could not stop the sobs which filled my throat. At last my quivering nerves caused my whole frame to shake, and the expressman, since he could not quiet me, sent for Harry. How glad I was to see Harry and to hear his kind voice. Oh! Many times my boy companion proved my comforter. He told me not to shake with such fear as nothing would harm me, but for some reason I could not be calm. If he attempted to leave me, I let out one long howl or a moaning cry which brought him back to my side.

I coaxed him so hard that he remained with me much of the time during that day, and for the first time in my life, when night came I was taken into the apartment with the family and slept near my Beautiful Lady until the daylight came.

At Summer Rest our train always arrived at noon time. As soon as it stopped, my chain was unclasped from its collar, and Oh! with what joy I bounded to meet my Beautiful Lady.

As soon as all were seated in the carriage and the horses started, then I too started with my longest and fleetest bounds down the street while people turned to look and some who knew me best called, "There goes Greyhound Fanny," but nothing could check my speed, not even the cool shaded driveway which crossed and recrossed the graceful curves of the winding river, until I had covered the distance of that road, so familiar to me.

I never failed to be the first to receive greetings from

"Oh, how beautiful and consecrated was her love for my master!"

dear grandmamma who always stood at the driveway to welcome us all. There had been no changes at Summer Rest: the same familiar faces; the ever-inviting scenes about the house and grounds; the same foot-paths which lead into old delightful experiences; the same quiet restful evening hour when I lay on the rustic seat beside my Beautiful Lady under the tall poplars, watching for the evening mail which brought those loving messages from my master.

While my Beautiful Lady was eagerly reading my master's letter I would look with keen attention, and when she had finished, she would allow me to lay my nose upon the letter and as I caught a scent of my master, I wagged my tail and made the low talking sounds with my voice, which pleased my Beautiful Lady and always caused her to give me another caress.

Oh, how beautiful and consecrated was her love for my master! Many nights during their separation, I have watched beside her bed, knowing of her restlessness and discontent. I have so often wondered how he could stay away so long, when I could not be away from her one moment without being restless.

One evening during this visit, my Beautiful Lady received a letter which she read aloud in most joyful tones to all the family for her dear one was coming to stay a few days at Summer Rest and then accompany us on our extended trip.

As the hour drew near for my master's arrival, my Beautiful Lady sent Arthur and Harry with the carriage and horses to meet him, and I accompanied them.

When we heard the whistle of the engine, there was a glad shout: "O here comes papa!" and, as the train stopped, two boys and a dog created an animated

scene; for I circled around him and barked so loudly that he told me to be quiet and give the boys a chance to talk.

At the gate my Beautiful Lady was watching, and as she clasped my master's hand and laid her head upon his shoulder, I kept very close to her and rubbed my nose against her dress, and talked to her, lest I should be forgotten in her love for him.

After he had kissed her, oh, so fondly, she said: "How happy I am to have you once more in this dear old home where you first told me the old, sweet story of love, while the answer in my eyes gave the promise to be true. But come now into the house and see what love has done to-day. I have prepared all alone with my own hands a most bountiful dinner. Each thought has been guided by your very own choice, even to the dessert with its pyramid of pure beaten cream. Come to the banquet, each guest awaits your presence!"

I could never forget, while I lived, that hour as I lay on the porch with my nose resting upon my fore paws, watching the boys in their excitement, eager to tell their papa something of their good times; and others who kept asking my master many questions, some which caused everybody to laugh; and dear grandmamma who asked my master so many times to have another cup of tea; and the strangely wondrous light in the eyes of my Beautiful Lady, the soft coloring which came to her usually pale cheeks.

It seemed that changing of the plates would never end, and, O, the jealous fear that crept into my heart until I could be quiet no longer, but just raised my head for one long mournful howl. It startled everybody, and I felt a lonely homesick feeling—something strange within me. My master and every-

one spoke to me, my Beautiful Lady caressed me and said, "Don't cry Fanny." I kissed her hand and was more quiet as she laid it upon my head.

But something had caused a feeling to come into my heart that I had never felt before, and for a long time those moans, though I tried to hold them back, kept on at intervals and toward evening I hid in a quiet little room where no one could see me.

Three happy days passed, each one filled with an overflow of enjoyment. Especially in the evenings, there was a ring of merry voices, as my master joined in the shadow-plays among the bushes and the large spreading maples and locusts, where the moonbeams scarcely found a chance to drop their silvery light.

The Lawrences came again as minstrels, and no one who heard them could ever forget their voices as they sang those sweet old songs. But I lay close to grandma as she sat and watched the others, or prepared the plates of cake and cups of milk which gave the signal for retiring. Again and again I was invited to join the others in my usual way, but I could not, only when the touch of that one most loved hand led me.

I do not wish my little readers to know all that I suffered during those three days, the longest days I had ever known. But early on the morning of the fourth day the bus came to Summer Rest and took our trunks to the depot.

That chain, though delicate and slender as a string of pearls, was clasped to my collar, yet, as its links softly came together I heard a grating, mournful sound, and when Arthur said "Come Fanny," I sank back upon my haunches and could not move. Then Harry put his loving boy-companion arms about me and said:

"Fanny, we are all going in the carriage now, why don't you leap and play ahead as you always do?" How could I refuse him?

Slowly I went on a few yards, and why I could not tell, but turning back I clung to dear grandmamma, kissing her hand in a pleading way to let me stay with her.

My master called: "Come, Fanny; old dog." Quickly I ran and hid in my favorite corner. Then came my Beautiful Lady who laid her cheek beside my face and talked to me. This one I could never disobey and so at last with downcast head, I slowly went with them.

Soon we reached the depot and presently I heard the shriek of the engine, then the "All Aboard" and then we were speeding on toward the home of my master's parents. At a signal station four miles distant, the train stopped and an elderly lady entered the car. As the train pulled ahead, a white-haired doctor who had known my Beautiful Lady since she was a little child, was a passenger too, and he was looking out of the window and saw a dog running and yelping along; turning to my master he said: "Your greyhound is left behind. She is making frantic attempts to keep up with the train."

My Beautiful Lady became excited and looking out of the window—yes, there was her dog darting along. Back upon the cushioned seats she sank and covering her face with her hands began to cry. My master tried to comfort her by saying they would stop at the next station until I was found, but fear that I would somehow be lost caused her still to worry and say she wished she had left me with grandma for I had known that it was not best to go on this journey.

The next station was not many miles, and just a little way off, Harry thought he would go in and ask the expressman how I got out when I had been chained. As soon as he opened the door, there he saw me crouched in the corner. Without stopping to comfort me, he hastened back to his mother to tell her I was safe in the car.

The incident of a "lost dog" and later of how she was found had gradually spread among the passengers until it became known to the "dear old lady." She then told my Beautiful Lady that it was her dog "Beauty" which she had left at the station.

Nothing further occurred of particular import and we reached the end of this journey, where I was again glad to be released and feel my feet upon the ground.

At my master's parents our summer stay was short because they lived in a very large city and the winter visits were much longer and pleasanter.

But everything seemed so different here, and I was possessed with a strange fear that I could not account for. I wanted to be near my Beautiful Lady. I could not leave her for a moment. I kept close beside her, and tried so hard to let her know of my fear, but if she realized that it had come to be an abiding thing with me, she did not tell me, unless by her manner, which seemed more gentle and loving, more kind than ever, as though to soften our parting.

In a few days, my master announced his intention of leaving, and soon we were in readiness to depart. Again I was filled with fear, and my heart was beating so wildly I could hardly stand.

My Beautiful Lady was so compassionate, and strove to quiet my low moans. While she was stroking my head and promising me I should not be shut into

the baggage car again, my master appeared at the door of the room she had occupied and said to her: "I am not going to take Fanny home with us. I think you have cared for her too long; your health is very poor, and she will be looked after with as much kindness as we have shown her. Father has found a new home for her."

Do you think this was a sudden blow to my Beautiful Lady? It was not, for she, as well as I, had expected something, just what we did not know. For some time she had heard that a gentleman living near my master's father had coveted me, and had made several offers for me, but always until now she had been able to protect me, and had induced my master to refuse these offers. Now, however, she knew that further appeal was useless, and while my master was clasping the chain to my collar, she covered her eyes and sobbed as if her heart would break. After a moment, and hardly glancing at me, she left the room fairly overcome with grief.

I shall not try to describe what the following moments were to us. I did not see her again, and she never told me what occurred, so I will leave that dreadful hour to my readers to picture. As for me, I shall never forget that moment, when I knew that real sorrow had entered her life and mine.

When my master led me away, the chain he clasped to my collar was all composed of links of sorrow, and they jangled like bells out of tune, and seemed to me to be playing a funeral march.

At last I was led into a strange barn and left with a strange man. After my master left me my frenzy became so great that I tried to tear down the walls. I could only jump around in a wild attempt to escape.

My strength was gone, and those links of sorrow held me fast.

My Beautiful Lady did not come to see me. Had the outgoing train carried her away? When last I saw her, she was helpless and I was speechless. O, how my moaning disturbed the stillness. We were parted. Would I ever again see my Beautiful Lady?

THE ANGEL OF MERCY

"O'er all our cruel acts and plans
A silent angel pitying stands,
And all the groans of those distressed
She treasures in her tender breast.

She notes the burdens borne by those
Who cannot speak their griefs or woes,
The hand upraised in anger wild
'Gainst faithful beast or helpless child.

And when at last her soft white hand,
Raised in compassion or command,
The cruel man disdains to hear,
Her Sword of Justice he may fear."

CHAPTER XVIII

HUMAN ERROR

"The greatest attribute of heaven is Mercy."

NO doubt the occurrence related in my last chapter has surprised my readers. You perhaps question how it was possible for such a circumstance to occur. How it was possible for my master to dispose of me in such a heartless way; how it was possible that he should grieve my Beautiful Lady, whom he loved. But it is all true that he did not possess that sense of feeling which guides one in the delicate natures of the two separate kingdoms of love.

My Beautiful Lady and myself wish for many reasons that this chapter might have been dropped out of my book of life, but it cannot be, for I want to show how trials are put upon animals as well as people, but for what, a dog cannot say. In justice to my master I would remind my readers that it is human to err, and that all do not have the same estimate of right and wrong. There is something wrong in the natures of some, the result of the lack of early heart-culture. No doubt my master believed what he did was right to do, and why he believed his action right was because he did not know how much a dog may suffer, nor how deep and tender the feeling in a human heart may be for a dumb creature.

My Beautiful Lady kept hidden from him much of the pain she had felt at our separation, because she knew he did not fully understand. She knew that

sacrifice and suffering alone could work out, through length of days, the lesson to him of what his act would mean to us all.

Thus, only on a few occasions did she plead with him for my restoration, but firmly trusted in kind Providence to correct this mistake as well as others, and bring forth those fruits of the Spirit which make in all the perfect life.

Although my Beautiful Lady was so grieved over this unkind act of my master's, she forgave him, because she knew he did not understand, some latent power of sympathy having failed to develop during his very busy life. It was then that she realized the greater love which bears with the erring, and forgives as one would be forgiven.

She could not, however, understand my master's disregard of her wishes in this instance, since he had shown such thoughtfulness in everything else. Nothing that money could purchase was denied; her comfort was consulted on all occasions. A new and favorite picture was placed on the wall to surprise her, an easy rocker was put in her room, and a thousand such acts were of common occurrence.

She tried to comfort herself with the thought of how grateful she should be that her precious boys were left, that neither had been the victim of some terrible accident, that death or other cause had not separated them from her. But if I had passed out of her life through a peaceful death, she could have mourned for me, as her faithful companion, and become reconciled in a natural way.

Thus she struggled with her grief, until she was taken suddenly ill, and was sick for many weeks.

CHAPTER XIX

DEPTHS OF SORROW

"The charm of man is kindness."

IT was with a surgeon my master left me, and he was my new owner. His barn was on a public street, and my cries and moans disturbed so many people that he was obliged to take me into his house, which was in a more secluded place.

As the surgeon led me along the path to the house I met a hateful looking woman, who was cross to a child, which added to my distress. The links in my chain were jangling the notes of sorrow, and I was so weak I could scarcely stand. I had refused all food for several days, and had tasted only water.

When this hateful looking woman saw me she began scolding the man, and asked him if he thought she was going to have that ugly-looking hound around her house. My master told her I was a very harmless creature, and had been owned by a lady who had made of me a companion, and that he wished to keep me in the house until I had overcome my grief and regained my appetite; that he had paid a large sum of money for me and could not afford to let me die. In answer to his statements she said a good many things about nasty and dirty dogs, and further remarked that she had youngsters enough to bother her without having a dog to care for.

I wanted to tell her how useful I could be in helping

her to care for and watch the children, but somehow I shrank from even trying to speak to her.

She was clean and neatly dressed, and her outward appearance indicated a better nature than her words expressed. But there was something wrong about this woman. She did not like me and I did not like her, and as I looked sharply into her face, I could see that she lacked what my Beautiful Lady calls heart-culture.

I was left in the yard for a short time, and the children gathered about me, pulling my ears and pushing me about. I thought they acted very much like the woman.

After a while the man led me into the house, and everything looked nice, but, oh, it was not my home! That flashed through my mind and I gave a long loud howl, which made the woman very angry, and she declared I should go back to the barn. It seemed to me that the surgeon also feared her, for he led me back and tied me fast. And, now I was utterly miserable, and I gave vent to my feelings by a series of loud howls, so mournful and distressing that several of the neighbors came to see what sort of an animal I was. Some of these curious people pleaded that I should be untied, and others declared they would not be kept awake at night by my howls.

Would not my own Beautiful Lady come to my rescue? Would she never come to release me? She would understand why I cried. She would know that I was broken-hearted, and that I should be pitied and comforted.

When this wretched condition had continued for at least two weeks, my former master's father heard of the trouble I was making, and he came to see me.

He and the surgeon came into the stable, and at the sight of one I knew I leaped forward, but my chain held me and I fell suddenly upon the floor, striking my side which caused an added pain.

He was a very kindly natured man, and coming to help me he said, "Fanny, Fanny, poor dog." Looking gladly into his face as he caressed me, I lapped his hand in gratitude and because his presence brought the thought nearer to me of my Beautiful Lady.

Presently that hateful-looking woman came to the barn and told my former master's father to take me away, and again said some dreadful things about dogs. Then my master's father unclasped that awful chain, and while I was too weak to get along very rapidly, I braced up, and, comforted by his cheering words, I managed to rub my side against him, the first person I had shown any fondness for since I last saw him, and I tried to trot along as best I could, expressing my willingness to go, for this might lead me to the one who would soothe my troubled mind.

When I reached those steps leading into the home in which we had parted I bounded in, and running from room to room searched for her, my Beautiful Lady. She was not there, and how bitter my disappointment. I sank exhausted, and moaned out my grief. Food was offered to me, but as yet I could not taste it. In the evening a comforting thought came to me—might she not return soon? I would watch and wait. Then I lay down in the corner of the room to watch for that beautiful face that had vanished, that I believed would again become visible.

Let me tell you of the house where I waited so patiently for my Beautiful Lady to return and rescue me. It was on a sloping street, with rows of dwellings on

either side. If you were passing down that way, that one home would attract your attention more than all the rest. I remember several places which mark times of pleasure and times of sorrow, but this one spot made a deeper impression than any of the others. The house was of grey stone with piazzas running out towards the old trees and sloping yard. Hollyhocks, roses, dahlias, and sunflowers bordered two sides of the place. Everything bore the mark of neatness and exactness, and an old couple lived in that house, who in their appearance were in harmony with the surroundings.

Inside of that house there was not a child to break the quietude, and there was an air about it that made you dread to move even a paper lest it disturb the perfect order. The exterior and interior of that house indicated comfort and ease, yet there was nothing really to suggest the thought that real happiness dwelt therein. There were no harsh words spoken, no wayward feet straying in at late night, nor sign of intemperance, but for some reason the true ring of gladsome life was missing.

And again I had been brought to this home, perhaps to stay, where I would have a quiet, comfortable life, plenty to eat, and where I would be, in a way, kindly treated.

But I wandered through the rooms. In some of them the shades were always drawn over the windows, and the sunlight never fell over the rich carpets upon the floor.

Sometimes through all the long day that plaintive moan would escape my spirit, and on those days I would go to the window, and resting my paws upon the sill as I had done when she had left me for but one

hour I again watched patiently and long to catch a glimpse of that beautiful white-robed figure coming from the distance.

O how gladly I would have leaped out the door, tearing up the very ground beneath my bounding feet as I went to meet her, closing her in circles around and around as I had done in days now past.

Never before had I used my voice in so many different tones trying to talk as people do. Sometimes it seemed I could speak the words that would tell my plaintive story.

Some one would ask: "Does Fanny want a drink? Would Fanny like to take a walk?" and other questions, but never the one which I ever listened to hear:

"Does Fanny want to go home?"

I had heard my Beautiful Lady tell of some people who understand the wants of animals and their language more quickly than others. So I watched solicitously and searched constantly the face of everyone, and tried so hard to find one that could understand me. Sometimes I felt that there were some who did, and yet none really heeded my supplications, or relieved me of my sorrow. I never tired of looking into faces, always with the question in my eyes, will she come home along this street, or which way may I look for her? How meaningless, though, to these people were my ways of talking.

My Beautiful Lady had taught me not to go into the streets alone as many dogs do, and so the habit of staying at home had become so fixed I did not try to leave the place, until one day when my loneliness was so terrible I could bear it no longer, and diligently I began my search on the streets for my Beautiful Lady.

I saw many faces, and few passed me to whom I did

not appeal, either with a pleading look or in short, low words. But, none seemed to notice me, and so the days rolled on. At last hope gave way to despair and I became apparently calm. No doubt many of my readers may think that I had ceased to care; that dog's love was not really deep and lasting. But into my life there came a something which I cannot name. I grew tired, and could no longer leap and play and frolic; so I would lie still for hours, with my eyes closed, but ever waiting and listening for that soft foot-fall, whose sound could never be lost to my ear.

When the days grew cold and stormy, and some kind hand threw a blanket over me, as I lay dozing, I would raise my head quickly, thinking it was my Beautiful Lady, and before the hand was drawn away I had kissed only the shadow and not the reality.

Many dogs, no doubt, would have been satisfied and contented if a comfortable place had been provided for them, just as some people are, who forget in their ease and comfort the absence of the loved one.

I have told you how cold the days had grown, but one day, a strange warmth, a new warmth of love filled me all through and I grew warm and happy, for close beside me lay a little, pulsing, soulful creature. I knew that it was mine to love, and I kissed it again and again, thinking how I would live for that little life. How pleased my Beautiful Lady would have been to see it. How glad I would have been could it have felt that gentle touch from her hand which I had known.

In these first days of my new joy as the little warm life lay beside me I rested more and slept in better contentment as my puppy slept, and because I was speechless and could not say that I still missed all that had been dear in my life, those around me said that I

had forgotten. But often as I lay watching, I still listened for her footsteps. How happy I would have been to let her hold my baby against her heart, to love it as I had seen her love other helpless little creatures.

My beautiful puppy grew, becoming playful just as little puppies do. Often in its playfulness it cuffed my ears or bit my nose, jumped and rolled over me, and amused its poor mother very much.

But one day a woman came to call at this house. When she saw my puppy, she said it was the most cunning little thing she had ever seen, and it leaped about so gracefully in its play. She immediately wished to take it with her, and offered some money to Mr. French. He told her that neither the puppy nor the mother belonged to him, but that he would see about it.

I sensed this woman was not a friend to me and growled a warning for her to keep away. As many other animal mothers have done, I tried to hide my baby but could find no hiding place, so watched more anxiously its frolicsome ways, and was suspicious of every one. One day my chain was clasped to my collar about my neck. I drew back and did not want to go, yet yielded as a kindly voice said, "Come, Fanny, for a little walk." When I returned—O my baby was gone! Again, speechless and helpless,—I sank down, this time too discouraged and broken-hearted to express my grief as on former occasions. Its home might be a desirable one, yet after all I had suffered, would it not have been more humane had I been left this one pleasure? True, I was only a dog, yet defenseless, harmless and faithful. If a human heart can pass through "Rivers of sorrow," had I not found the trail, and was I not going that way?

"My beautiful puppy grew, becoming playful just as little puppies do."

CHAPTER XX

INTO THE GREAT CITY

SOME lives ever carry a burden of sorrow, while others breathe a perpetual song of joy. I do not know why this is so; nor can I explain why, that since the last sad day on which I had beheld the face of my Beautiful Lady, sorrow had been my portion, with only now and then a flash of ragged sunshine. The shadows had lengthened, until gloom and greyness furnished the background, against which all things stood out in bold relief.

On one of those days, when I felt more sharply the old sorrow, the door-bell rang, and the surgeon, who was still my owner, accompanied by a strange man entered, and after looking me all over held a conversation with the parents of my former master, with whom I was still staying. A roll of paper was taken from the pocket of the stranger and handed to the surgeon. In a few minutes I had a new master, Mr. Grant, by name. Again that collar and chain were fastened about my neck, and I was compelled to follow the stranger.

I was not sorry to leave, for had I not suffered here? Had I not been bereft of my cunning baby, that could have comforted me and have helped me to bear the loss of my Beautiful Lady? But a new and startling thought came to me. Perhaps I was going to my Beautiful Lady. We were certainly going to some train, for I heard a ringing bell, and a shrieking whistle, and in a moment I was pulled into a baggage car and fastened securely. Again the old, haunting fear came over

me, and I began to look for Harry. Would he not come to my rescue, or at least come to comfort me? I waited in vain. The train sped along with a dull, rumbling sound, and swaying from side to side, with an occasional stop.

Finally came the glimmerings of day, which for once, at least, were most welcome. At this time the train made a longer stop than usual, and Mr. Grant came to lead me away, and into what I thought must be another world, for the most awful feeling of loneliness took possession of me, that I was now surely separated from everything, everybody, that I had ever before known. My new master spoke kindly to me, and patted my head, as if he knew I had been lonesome.

From the train we went directly to a sort of vehicle with windows and doors, and which looked quite like a house. I had seen such a vehicle before, and had sped along by its rumbling wheels, while my Beautiful Lady rode within, but now my new master took me, and placed me in the carriage, and we were driven hurriedly away for a long distance.

I shall never forget how I felt as I rode along through this great bustling city. I suppose it was the awful state of mind I had experienced for so long a time which made everything seem so horribly unreal. I was excited and confused. Such tall buildings, they almost reached the sky, and to me the streets seemed crowded and narrow, so that people and animals were rushing along in endless confusion.

I was glad to be taken into Mr. Grant's house and away from the distracting scenes of the latter part of my journey. Mrs. Grant and the two boys, Lee and Charlie, met us at the door. They seemed as glad to see me, as if I had been an old friend, and they had

been expecting my arrival. But I was indifferent to them, for I was tired and hungry, and in regard to this last matter, the boys were very thoughtful, for they asked the cook to please feed me at once.

In the house there were soft rugs and carpets, and beautiful pictures, and many brilliant flowering plants. There were comforts for which any dog, less fortunate than myself and under different circumstances, would have been truly grateful. But to me it was a strange home and a strange city, and that strange feeling which had entered my breast was still apparent. I was neither content nor grateful. When my bedtime came I found there was a kennel in the yard in which I was to sleep, to live, and my readers know quite well, that arrangement was not according to my taste.

About two weeks after my arrival at this home, I was unchained and allowed my liberty. I had been treated kindly, but I had resolved if ever I was unchained, to search for my Beautiful Lady, for it was her loss to me that had changed my life, and I had not forgotten my grief, and as some might suppose, my longing for the tender influence of her love was still alive within me. This was my time and opportunity to go.

The day of my escape I wandered about the great city, saw many dogs, but either they or myself lacked the spirit of sociability, and so I wandered on alone. The first night I went to bed supperless, and slept in an alley, as I found that many other poor dogs did, as well as some poor people, even little children.

Some time during the night I awoke, chilled and wretched. I tried to find a warmer spot but failed, and remained shaking and trembling until daylight. Then as I was so hungry I tried the experiment of

getting my breakfast out of the garbage boxes and barrels. Yes, I was very hungry, but when I saw that there were little children too, trying to get scraps of food that were not fit for a dog to eat, I moved away, and let the children have whatever they could find.

Until this unhappy change came into my life my food had been sweet and clean. I could not relish the food that street dogs seemed to, and as I was very hungry, I concluded to find my way back to my new master.

I wandered from street to street, dodging the crowds, as best I could, and in my own dog fashion, seeking to retrace my footsteps and follow the previous path. Some time after the noon hour I noticed several nice looking and well dressed young men going towards a very large building which stood somewhat apart from the others. These men were talking very earnestly, and did not seem to notice me, although I was close at their heels, determined to know where they were going. They ascended the broad, marble steps, and I followed them through a long hall, with rooms on either side. I looked into some of these rooms, where the doors were standing open, and within were a few bright, happy young girls and a larger number of young men.

I was so tired and hungry that I dropped down upon the floor in the corner of one room, but nobody seemed to notice me. In a few minutes a fine-looking young gentleman mounted a platform and began talking. I could not understand all, but the following is enough to convince any one of his subject, he said: "My time is limited bearing upon the present question in discussion. But I find myself taking an opposite view to the majority of my professional brethren," and then he made a long speech, which was so tedious and made

me so unhappy that I tried not to hear all that he said, and what I did hear I tried to forget.

The gentleman finished after a while, and then a beautiful and gentle-voiced lady read something from the paper which she held in her hand, and after she had finished a few clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs.

"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; He shall dwell on high."

I saw there was going to be a commotion, for the people did not agree, and so I got up cautiously and went out, making as little noise as possible, for I was afraid to have any one know that I was there. I remember how distressed I was lest I should not make my escape.

When I reached the street, I started off on a dog-trot, making my way through the crowd as swiftly as possible. It was just at dinner time when I came in sight of Mr. Grant's home which I had left with a discouraged heart two days before. As I bounded up the steps I felt glad to see faces at the window which I knew, and one of the boys opened the door and called out: "Oh, Fanny has come back; run quickly, brother, and tell the cook to give her something to eat, for she must be very hungry."

I was hungry, as you all know, and felt that I had reached home. Every one in the family was pleased to see me, and I was cared for and petted to my satisfaction.

I was so very tired that I soon went to my bed and fell asleep, to bark in my dreams as I chased along

the pleasant drives with my dear Lady, watching the innocent rabbits in their evening play upon the grass and amid the slender ferns, while the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and kid, the lion and the calf, lay down together. A little child was playing about them, and all were happy because the angels, Love and Mercy, were there shedding light from their beautiful, peaceful wings over all that lovely scene.

CHAPTER XXI

A WANDERER

"The greatest attribute of heaven is Mercy."

I WONDER if any of my readers has ever been a wanderer. I wonder if he knows what it is that makes one want to wander; that feeling which makes you get up when you want to lie down; makes you lie down when you want to get up, when you are lying in one corner makes you want to lie in another corner. That feeling which makes you want to go from place to place, from street to street, from house to house, just as though an awful chain were about your neck, pulling you hither and thither. If you have ever suffered that unrest you will know how to sympathize with me.

Dear readers, will you not help me, in my simple dog-fashion, somehow to instill into the hearts of humanity a more tender spirit of charity for those who are wanderers, though they are only helpless, miserable dogs?

After returning to Mr. Grant's, I was again chained and kept in captivity, until one of the boys released me for a little change, as he said. I was glad to be freed and glad to get into the house. I looked through all of the rooms, and finally lay down in the family room, but the feeling of contentment did not return to me.

When I was sure that none of my master's household was observing me I slipped quietly out and went slowly down the street, crossing from one side to the other.

In this aimless way I wandered along until nearly nightfall, when I stopped to watch some children at play in a yard. I observed that the gate was standing open, and so I made bold to walk in. One of the little girls saw me, began to cry and ran away, but a little boy, with long curls walked up to me and patted my neck. I was very kind to him, you may be sure, and kissed his soft little hand for he looked like Harry. A much larger boy came along and spoke kindly to me, and invited me to come into the house. As we entered, I heard him say to a lady who was standing in the doorway: "Auntie, this is a well mannered and very valuable dog. Had we not better keep her and advertise where she is?"

The family began to talk about me, but I was so tired I paid little attention and lay down on the soft carpet to rest. Presently the little boy with long curls came into the house, sat down beside me and stroked me so gently. At dinner time I was fed, then a chain was put about my neck and I was tied in the carriage house.

No one came to claim me, and after several days I was again given my freedom and allowed to play in the yard with the children.

It was not long then until the spirit of restlessness took possession of me, and I again began to wander. I looked around to see if any of the family were watching me, and as no one was looking, no good-byes were spoken.

Some time during the day, and while I was wandering aimlessly along the street, I met Mr. Grant, and as soon as he spied me he called out, "Here, Fanny, Fanny!" I was glad to see him, and ran quickly when he called. He took me into a tall building, where I

had never been before. It looked clean and pleasant, still there was nothing soft for me to lie upon, and so I curled myself in a corner and wondered what would now happen to me. When the day was done Mr. Grant led me to a street-crossing and we jumped aboard a street car. I sat close to his feet, and when the car stopped we were again at the home of Mr. Grant. Again I saw the same boy faces at the window watching, and when they saw me they shouted: "Oh, papa! you have found Fanny, but she is such a naughty dog that we do not like her any more." I hung my head for I knew that there was something wrong about me. I had been well-treated. The boys had been my friends, but I had run away and wandered about the streets, like any other ill-natured and ill-mannered dog. I did not feel that I was welcome, but I determined to stay with these friends and be a good dog. What would my Beautiful Lady say if she knew of my wandering street life?

But the very first day I was left alone that homeless, restless feeling became so strong within me that I wandered from what should have been to me a palatial and sheltered abiding place.

What happened to me this day my readers will not care to hear, except that I got into a fight with a large dog over a dirty bone. Surely it was the bone of contention. The big dog thought the bone belonged to him, and I wanted it, and for the first time in my life I growled and snapped my teeth with a full intention to bite. But the big dog got the better of me and bit an ugly hole in my side, and I ran howling down the street.

Presently I met some boys who exclaimed: "Look at that dog's side, it is all bloody." They did not seem

to feel afraid of me, as many would have been, but held out their hands, and coaxingly said: "Doggie, doggie, come here doggie."

I walked up to the boys very meekly, and, licking their hands, tried to tell them in my dog language that although I looked like a bad dog, and though I had been in bad company, I had been well brought up; I had been taught good manners and I knew how to be grateful for a kindness.

I think the boys understood my thoughts, for one of them said: "Let's take the dog home with us. We must not touch these wounds with our hands, and I know that nurse will wash them with warm water and something that will cleanse them and ease the pain."

I followed the boys willingly, and was taken to a stable that looked fine enough to be a dwelling house. I was very patient while the coachman assisted the kind woman to bind up my wound. I remembered that night a time when some very hot water was accidentally spilled on my side and my own Beautiful Lady cared for the burn until it was well.

I thought all night of my Beautiful Lady, and it seemed that I must start out again to find her, but where should I go? I was very restless and was glad when the morning came, for the kind nurse put some drops of soothing oil on my sore side, and then the good boys brought my nice breakfast. My new friends were so kind to me that I concluded to give up a wandering life.

I remained quiet that day until it began to grow dusk. Then I became lonely and went into the house, lying down on the soft rug. Presently a woman saw me and told the boys to take me back to the stable at once, as I might go mad and have hydrophobia, and

that only lapdogs should be allowed to sleep in the house. She did not know that I had been sheltered as tenderly as those she mentioned, so I did not feel unkindly toward her. The boys respectfully protested, and their father said:

"English greyhounds do not have hydrophobia, a fact which makes them especially desirable pets for children. Only rabies can cause it in other dogs, and this can be avoided by proper care of dogs. I do not think the dog will do any harm, for she shows excellent bringing up and must have been accustomed to a place in the house, for like a real lady she has walked in and taken a place as though perfectly at home. She is a very knowing dog, and one I should not be afraid to shelter."

I whacked my tail upon the floor real hard, to let him know that I was pleased, and then I walked very slowly across the room and looked up into his face. I wanted to talk in his language, but could not, of course, express myself so that he would understand me, and so I only whined softly and just wagged my tail a little.

The boys seemed to understand me, and one of them laughed and said, "Oh! she is talking to you, papa. Isn't she a nice dog?"

The father replied: "She certainly is. I think she has either lost her master or was stolen and whoever owns her will be glad to find her."

"Shall we not try to keep her until someone comes for her?" one of the boys asked.

"We surely shall not turn her out into the street, but she must have her freedom to come and go, then perhaps she will find her way home. But it seems strange that she did not go to her home as soon as she

was hurt instead of coming with you, if she knew her way."

"I hope no one will call for her, then she can be our doggie," said little Tommy.

"But do you not want to do as you would be done by?" the father chided.

"I will try to, papa," he answered.

As nothing further was said about my going out into the barn, I took it for granted that I was to stay in the house, and gave a sigh of relief, and with little Tommy near me fell asleep.

In this pleasant place, and with those dear little arms around me, I dreamed once more of the dear old home at Somo City, where Harry and I used to lie down together in our blissful hours of sleep, and how we played on the soft rug, before the glowing grate. My dreams were never of the exciting chase, as is the case with many dogs, for I took no pleasure in frightening harmless creatures whom God has created for beauty and companionship for this world, but found the imaginary flights of mind pleasing, though deceiving, and my dreams were as welcome to me as dreams are to anyone.

At last I was awakened by the eldest boy who said: "Come doggie, go with me to the stable, for we are all going to bed now." Unwillingly, yet, obediently, I followed this very gentlemanly boy. O! I always did like nice boys.

In the morning the coachman was cross to the horses as well as to me. I quickly noticed that he acted very differently when left alone with us, and I decided to leave the place at once, but I was hungry, so I went first to the house to see if the boys would not give me something to eat. My side was still painful

and sore, and I wished the kind nurse to rub me again with the oil. But these thoughtful ones had not forgotten me, and I met them all in the path. They gave me a kind greeting. Tommy had my breakfast of corn meal and milk, which I quickly ate while it was warm.

After the boys went to school I could not remain in the stable for that unkind coachman struck a barn-fork into the side of a magnificent horse, and I started once more to scent my way back to Mr. Grant's, with the hope that I would this time be a good dog and stay in their home, for I was homesick, sore, and lame.

It was evening when I reached Mr. Grant's. Some of the family were very cross to me, calling me a vagrant, and other hard names which nearly broke my heart. I went to my bed that night, thinking of what it is that makes vagrants. It is the sending away of any tender or helpless life from its home where kind providence has surrounded it with rightful (or proper) environment. It is the breaking of those ties which binds one to all that is dear in this life, and it is the jostling of the crowd that knows you not and cares not. Yes, I had lost my way through circumstances unavoidable by myself, and had become a vagrant.

There are children also who are spurred to go wrong in the same way that I had been. O how I pity them! And I pity those who have that spirit that makes vagrants. After all of this thinking and another night of pain, I arose and shook myself, my condition being still almost unbearable. Going to the back door, I cried pitifully for some one to help me. Presently the maid came out and I tried to tell her my woe. She understood enough to know that one thing I wanted

was to have my wound moistened with something soothing and healing, and she was kind enough to do that.

Some pity was shown me through the day, and the boys were more forgiving than the older ones.

The next evening some friends came to visit Mr. and Mrs. Grant. As I went into the room where these guests were, I immediately felt the presence of a most kind and congenial spirit. I went at once to a lady and laid my head affectionately against her, and gave a low whine of joy. She spoke to me in a sweet voice which caused me to cling more closely to her. In her face I saw a light like that which once made my life a happy one.

I thought of the bright sunshine which warms the earth, bringing forth all fruits of loveliness. I seemed to see pansies and roses amid the fresh grass, and I could also see the faces of pretty children and hear their merry, laughing voices. It was through the light upon her lovely countenance that I saw this happy vision. I felt lost in this happy condition until I heard her say: "How meek and gentle she is; her eyes full of intelligent light. Yes, Mr. Grant, I should like very much to have her for my companion."

"If I could know Mrs. Backus, that she would be contented with you, I would indeed be glad for you to take her. She is no comfort to us, as she will not stay but a day or so at a time, and if this continues she will become worthless."

Was it a humane feeling, or the spirit of mercy, or both, which caused Mrs. Backus to invite me away from my wandering life and into her own beautiful home where peace and contentment dwells?

When my new-found friend arose to go home she

said: "Fanny, are you ready to go with Mr. Backus and me? I barked to express my delight and leaped out in the old-time way. I felt no sad farewell, except as I saw the boys look sad. But like the sweet pansies in my Beautiful Lady's garden — no doubt, I too had a mission in my life; so once more I was called to follow the chain which was clasped to the collar about my neck, and this time I knew that its links gave forth sounds of joy.

CHAPTER XXII

PROVIDENCE

AFTER my Beautiful Lady's recovery from her long illness, which followed her return to Somo City, she resumed the routine of her benevolent and humanitarian work. During the long months of our separation, trials had come to her as well as to me, but her trials brought a more refining influence, better fitting her for the highest attainments in her service for greater love and justice in this world. Not so with me; suffering did not make me better nor more noble. It nearly ruined this life, which may be the only one for me, for all that I know. And yet who knows but that I may live to meet my Beautiful Lady in some other world?

A dog's days here are short days at best, compared to man's, and we ought not to be deprived of the little there is in them for us. How many have thought of a dog as having character? Some of our characteristics are more deeply marked than those of men. Integrity, fidelity, courage, our power of feeling have many times been proven by our affection and grief in dying for those we love. The construction of our ears is unlike those of the human ear, and we catch far distant sounds unheard by man. This also enables us to hear the approaching footsteps of our masters and be the first to announce their welcome home. Also, to catch sounds of the approaching robber and other dangers, and give the warning which has saved many human lives. Our sense of smell exceeds that of all other

animals and all people; for who but a dog has through this function traced the footsteps of man in the dense, dark forest, or through mountains of snow and when lost in the storm? Or has traced the birds through their flight in the air?

Dogs have been life-saving sailors, courageous companions in the thickest of battle. In searching for the wounded, we have found those who fell distant from their comrades, and, going into camp, we have selected a surgeon whom we have quickly led to the suffering ones.

I should feel sorry to think we were not worthy a few bones and scraps from the plates of the masters we so worthily serve, and a warm place to sleep where we may be comfortable.

Why is it that men and women abuse or ignore the born rights of the more helpless creation? Why does a boy go seeking to destroy that life enfolded within the little blue shell which may be found swinging in its cradle amidst the high branches? Or when it has grown into the full beauty of plumage and sweetness of song with power to love, to feel joy or sorrow, why should some one remove that divine life by the whirl of a stone or shot of a gun; or—more pitiful still—should tear the wings from the breast that gives flight, a needless sacrifice of life that fills so great a part in the loveliness of this world. Why do so many who value lightly the lives of Nature's own songsters, value so highly and seek for the sweet music and song in the heart of the inanimate instrument.

My dear readers, we all have the one Creator, so remember that the one parental love flows out in protection and mercy alike to us all.

I find myself awakening from one of my meditations,

from which I seem to have no resistive power, but I will again proceed to inform you of some of the happenings to my old master and his family who have been so long absent from my story.

There came a time when my Beautiful Lady and my master decided that Arthur and Harry needed the advantage of a college town. Mother-like, she felt a dread in having her boys leave her until they were wiser concerning the constant temptations which the immature youth meets away from parent care. She knew also that there were yet a few years in which all together the unbroken home circle could be kept, ere as men they must find their best opportunities away from her.

After much deliberation the City of Leaves was selected as being desirable in many ways. My master had previously decided upon an investment he wished to make where larger opportunities must be available to carry out his success.

A farewell reception was given them at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Goodheart, and parting words were spoken with those whose kindly faces and deeds of friendship would ever remain as sweetest memories.

My family were nicely settled just as the fall college term opened. As Arthur had from a little boy been very studious, he entered into his enlarged opportunities with eagerness and true zeal. His classmates soon found he was also fond of games, and his fine physique made him at once a favorite in the sports.

He had also the gift of a humorist which he displayed in burlesque upon the great dramas they studied. The parlors were always crowded when Arthur was to appear, for everybody likes to laugh, you know. His violin was never out of place on these occasions, and

many a pleasant evening he gave to his friends as well as to his family.

Arthur and Harry still loved their home, and my Beautiful Lady had the same fascinating way of making home a desirable place. Their rooms were a real study to her, and it was not unusual that some special attraction welcomed them on entering. The vase of favorite flowers often spoke in language all their own to greet these boys in their rooms.

Harry was allowed to join the games, and for an hour after the six o'clock dinner, the vicinity about the house was alive with the new playmates, while the voices of the merry lads rang with laughter and joy.

The boys named Harry "Little Inspector," because of his peculiar traits, such as seeking out the curious and remarkable places. He was very fond of discovering and studying about the historical things for which the City of Leaves was noted. My Beautiful Lady often called him her "Guide," for he took her safely and without any difficulty wherever she wished to go. He was very gallant, and would look up into her face with great pride as she took his arm with a proud confidence.

The City of Leaves was becoming of greater interest than they had anticipated, and they seemed to have found the one blessed spot.

In leaving Somo City, some fears had been entertained that the new surroundings would not be so agreeable as the old, and that new friends could not be found, as readily, in a large city as in a small one; but my Beautiful Lady has said many times since that love and sunshine abound in every place.

They were all invited to gatherings, which offered social culture and intellectual development, and many new friends were made who proved to be loyal and true.

One home feature seemed ever to follow this dear family. It was the spacious and charming living-room, with a beautiful window filled with plants and flowers, where my master and Beautiful Lady passed such happy hours. It was the same in this dear home, and the evenings there have been described to me with them, sitting where they could watch the great vessels and the pretty white craft sailing to and fro. Yet there was something sadly missing in my Beautiful Lady's heart. It was the affectionate companionship of her lost dog.

But step by step the changes of time were shifting the scenes which would bring out the sequels in Providence which were then as unknown to us as they are to those who are faithfully following our story.

CHAPTER XXIII

TRACINGS

"WHAT a beautiful afternoon this is," said Harry to his mother as he stood looking out upon the street.

"Yes, my child, and this is the fourth beautiful Sabbath we have had in the City of Leaves," she replied.

"Mother, I have not mentioned it before, but Fanny is almost constantly in my thoughts, and to-day I can not rest from thinking about her. You know we cannot be very far from where we last heard of her. Have you the letter, dear mother, which the surgeon wrote, giving Mr. Grant's street and home number?"

"I have it safely treasured, Harry."

"O please get it at once, mother; perhaps we could go this afternoon and see Fanny. I have dreaded to mention her to you because you have suffered so much over the separation, but why do you not try to find her?"

"Because she is not our Fanny, and if she should see us and still care for us, it would be very cruel to leave her again. I feel that I could never leave her if I should see her loving eyes."

"But, mamma, perhaps Mr. Grant would let us have her a part of the time — come to visit us you know. O, I shall be very unhappy not to find out for sure if she is truly happy. Come, mother dear, please get the letter."

"Perhaps you are right, Harry, she may still yearn

for us." It was but a few moments before Harry had read the letter, and to his earnest pleading his mother yielded, urged by the thought that her poor dog might not have forgotten.

An hour later my Beautiful Lady and Harry went slowly up the same doorsteps over which my feet had gone two years before. As Harry held his mother's arm he felt her tremble, and it was with an almost hesitating hand he rang the bell. An elderly man opened the door, and with lifted hat Harry bowed, and handed him the letter with his mother's card.

After reading them the old man said huskily: "The dog Fanny is not here. She would not stay with us or anybody else. She is a roving, worthless thing and I do not know where she is." This was such a shock to one so delicate and sensitive as my Beautiful Lady that Harry nearly carried his mother back to the car, and almost in perfect silence the journey home was made. But when Harry kissed his mother good-night he whispered softly to her: "We will not leave one whom we have loved so tenderly, to be a lonely wanderer about the streets, dear mother, for I will search for her until I find her, and then she will be our own dear Fanny once more, never, never to leave us again."

Often my Beautiful Lady had called Harry her child of the Love-Bond, and child of the Comforter, but this night her kiss left an imprint upon his fair cheek with a depth of meaning not felt in his young life before.

My Beautiful Lady did not leave her room next morning; my master was absent on a trip, and Arthur and Harry sat at breakfast alone, discussing plans of search for me, when the postman rang. There was one letter with a strange hand-writing addressed to Mrs. French. Quickly Harry broke the seal, and

handed the contents to his mother. She only glanced at the name and said, "Mr. Grant," and gave it to Harry, who read it aloud:

"My dear Mrs. French:

I regret very much not being at home when you called this afternoon. I fear my father did not show you the courtesy I should have liked you to have received. Pardon him, please, as he is rather old and peculiar. Your card bears your place of residence, so I hasten to tell you that Fanny is living now with Mr. and Mrs. Backus at Lee's Park, address enclosed. I am very sure Mrs. Backus will be very glad to meet you and give you the pleasure of seeing Fanny. I always regretted her separation from you. We have not seen Fanny for a long time, as Mr. and Mrs. Backus moved just after she went with them.

Yours respectfully,

Mr. Chas. Grant."

CHAPTER XXIV

A KIND FAMILY

"A kind heart is a fountian of gladness making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles." —Washington Irving.

WHILE my Beautiful Lady is searching for me I wish to tell you something of this kind family. There were Mr. and Mrs. Backus, Lee, Charles, Bessie, and Jamie. Mrs. Backus reminded me of my kind lady more than any one I have ever met. There was a sweetness in her voice and a gentleness about her manner that won the hearts of both children and animals. Mr. Backus was a very pleasant man. I noticed that he and Mrs. Backus were in sympathy of thought in their discussions, and the childish questions from the smaller members of the family were always of importance to both parents, and treated at all times with attention and respect.

I saw, too, that the children were gracious in manner to every one, and I did not hear any loud or discordant words spoken in all that household.

It was indeed a sweet refuge for me to find after all my sad experiences. I felt contentment settling once more in my breast, and I felt like playing with those boys.

In the morning the family always met in the library to exchange pleasant greetings, then Mr. and Mrs. Backus led the way, while the elder boy and sister walked together, and the other two children followed, each taking their places at the table. Each child was allowed to give its order quietly and politely to the

"When he was hitched to the willow cart, he reminded me of Black Prince."

servant, and I noticed the servant always wore a pleasant smile, and her task did not seem a difficult one even when strangers were at the table.

Breakfast was always served early to give the children time to take proper care of the pets before they went to school. There were more pets about that home than I have ever found in any other. A pretty parrot which had the freedom of the house and yard, and tamed rabbits that had a nice home in one room of the stable, another dog besides myself who was wise and well-trained, pretty white doves in a cote, and a pony which drew a basket carriage with one seat large enough for two persons to ride in.

The boys had the full care of this pony, and I found one of my first pleasures in watching how gentle they were with him, and how he showed a fondness and obedience at all times toward them.

When he was hitched to the willow cart he reminded me of Black Prince, for his service was a labor of love. The pony would trot off at a brisk pace, shaking his pretty head as though it were play for him, while I had many a long pleasant run through the parks, stretching my legs as in former days.

Mrs. Backus had made a harness of pretty blue ribbon for the pugs, and, when she and Bessie took them for a walk they acted just like a pair of frisky colts, who were trying to get away from their driver. It was fun to see them run about, when they knew there was a chance for them to go. They would rush up to their mistress, look into her face, and then stand as still as pugs ever could, to have their harness put on.

After once noticing my desire to go, Mrs. Backus seemed to understand, and after that I always walked by her side. Trix was never allowed these pleasure

trips for some reason, but he could go with Mr. Backus, or the boys.

The parrot was such a smart bird, and always pleasant. She would call out, "Come here, sweetheart," when she saw Bess, and then in such a pretty coaxing way, say, "You are a dear girl; I love you." It was just the echo of the whole household when she talked. I have heard parrots talk who scarcely made one sentence without using bad words, and sometimes the words were so bad that they shamed even dogs, for they would hang their heads and run away. Parrots are not to blame for using such language; they have been taught to by hearing coarse and vulgar people do so.

It was the children's custom to divide some of their candies, sweetmeats, and apples with their pets, for this taught them unselfishness, and made them feel that something depended upon them for pleasure and happiness.

I was allowed to sleep in the boys' room, which was a fellowship you know that I had not received since I left the home of my Beautiful Lady. I was given a covering, also, which kept me warm on chilly nights.

Sometimes I startled Lee as I laid my face on his pillow in the night and he would ask me why I did this, yet he was never cross to me.

The whole family seemed to understand a great deal of my sensitive nature, and sometimes would say of me: "She cannot stand the cold or rougher treatment that Trix can."

They often praised my good manners and obedience, and talked a great deal to me, because they knew I could understand what they were saying.

I know that my noble birth was appreciated in this

family, and I have since thought that the education which children and dogs receive at home becomes of greater service to them through life than they can ever realize while receiving it. If I had been sent out into the world like some dogs, without proper dog-culture, what would have become of me? It was my early associations which made every one take an interest in me, and I thank my Beautiful Lady, Arthur, and Harry for doing so much for me. It made me the respectable and admirable dog which I have always been, aside from the vagrant life which I led for a while.

I hope my little readers will take my advice in this: Remember all the good lessons which your father and mother try to teach you, and accept graciously every advantage offered you; then if misfortune comes any time in your life some one will take an interest in you, to help you back into your own.

CHAPTER XXV

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

"PAPA, this is our first Christmas morning in the City of Leaves," said Harry, "and I am very thankful for the gifts which I have received from you to-day. Some of them are truly expensive and rare, but the one gift that my heart desires, would contain the true spirit of a gift such as the real nature of our Christmas day implies. It would make me happier than anything else can."

"What is so great a gift?" the father asked.

"It is Fanny, and Mamma still grieves for her."

"How can I present you with that gift? Fanny passed from my possession more than two years ago, and while I have regretted very much having separated her from mamma and you, yet I have no right to her now, and I have no knowledge of where she is. No doubt she has a good home and is contented."

"But, papa, she can be returned to us by your consent, because mamma and I know where she is."

"How did you find out where she is? Nothing has been said to me at any time."

"No, we did not talk to you about it because you have been away so much, and mamma feared you might deny her."

"Strange she should have such fear of me. I did not mean to do a cruel act to her. I did not realize it all until it was too late. I think I was almost jealous of her love for this dumb animal. Their devotion to each other, seemed so foolish to me, and

your mamma was so delicate to have that extra care."

"But mamma's sufferings were made much harder, for she loved to do all those things for Fanny."

"Yes, yes, I know; but how did you learn where she is?"

"Shortly after we returned home mamma wrote the surgeon asking him to express Fanny back to us, saying she would more than refund the money he paid for her; but he answered that she had passed from his possession to a Mr. Grant, and he gave the address. Mamma kept the letter, but did not try to follow her, as the surgeon said Fanny was traveling with Mrs. Grant and their children. But we have traced her to where she is now in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Backus, at Lee's Park. Here is the last letter in answer to mamma's. Read it, papa. You will see she consents to let Fanny return to us. Mamma is so frail; I fear, some times, that we will not have her long. Would you not be glad to bring her such a happy surprise this Christmas day?"

"Is it possible that my own boy must plead with me to undo a wrong and bring happiness to his mother? Harry, how far is it to Lee's Park?" "Not over an hour's ride, papa." "Then we will go at once."

It was not unusual for Harry and his papa to spend a few hours together, enjoying some amusement or visiting some interesting place, so no questions were asked as to where they were going. No doubt they would have some pleasant experience to relate upon their return.

When Mr. French and Harry rang the door-bell at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Backus, a maid took their cards and seated them in the reception-room. It

was not a moment ere the face of a beautiful greyhound with most kindly eyes was gazing from behind the satin draperies into the faces of two she had known and loved. It was I, and in an instant more I had made one bound across the floor, and springing upon my old master, placed my two paws upon his shoulders as I had done in my playful moods when a young dog. Then I began that low, half-barking, whining, a way I had of talking to any one, especially if I were deeply interested or excited.

My master stroked my head and called me, "Fanny, old dog," as was his former way of greeting me. Harry had remained quiet, a painful look deepening upon his face as his dog companion seemed not to notice him. But my master said to me: "Fanny, where is Harry?" Looking toward him, slowly I began to scent one not strange to me; I went over and rubbed my face against his hand, and he knelt on the floor beside me, and putting his two arms about me, with his face close to mine, he said: "Fanny, have you forgotten Harry?" Something stirred my heart then. Was it a voice I remembered? These were tones I knew and felt, yet there was some change somewhere. Yes, it was Harry. But he was so much taller and stronger; he was not the small boy I had seen last with my Beautiful Lady, and yet, was I not seeing pictures of fond memories, a scene of a loving boy face with long sunny curls clinging about my neck? The long wooded roads where those beautiful white lilies grew? The bunnies hopping across the way? The arbutus beds? Just then Mrs. Backus entered.

I bounded at once to her side, and then leaped about the room, back with my forefeet upon my former master, then upon Harry, and it seemed no one could

speak or be heard, for I was as wildly excited as a hound in its natural chase.

Then Mr. Backus entered and said: "Fanny, Fanny, come here and lie down while we have a chance to find our voices to greet these friends of yours. Mr. French and Master Harry French, you are most welcome to our home. This is Mrs. Backus, Mr. French, and Master Harry, Mrs. Backus."

For some moments my dear friends were in conversation concerning me, and then Mrs. Backus said: "We could not part with Fanny under any other circumstance, for we think too much of her to give her to any one who had not as much right to her as ourselves. But I think that twelve years is enough to give Harry and his mamma a clear title, although the year which she has been ours has made her very dear to us. I hope if she is not contented that you will let her return to us."

"Mamma will never let her go away again," said Harry, with his arm about my neck. "You want to go with me, don't you Fanny? Dear Fanny."

I looked from one to the other, not yet knowing what to do next, when presently Mrs. Backus brought my collar and chain, and Harry clasped it about my neck. We all went to the door, Mrs. Backus opened it and my master passed out, Harry following, but I drew back, looking at Mrs. Backus to tell me if I were to go or stay. But she was silent, and I did not feel at ease from the look I saw in her face. Then Harry patted me so kindly and pleadingly said: "Come, Fanny, we will go home now." As no one else spoke to me, I trotted along, but I had had so many different experiences with that chain about my neck, that I could not tell this time what the sounds were like. I could

only follow my instinct, which strongly led me to follow Harry.

When we reached my Master's home, a maid opened the door. We went in, and Harry unclasped my collar. Nothing was familiar to me, and feeling strange, I sank upon the floor.

"You will have to show her the way," said my master. Then Harry bade me follow him again, which I did, up a long stairway into a room where the glow of a soft red light fell shadowy everywhere. Then I heard that long-loved voice exclaim: "O Fanny, Fanny! My precious Fanny!"

My delight was so great it seemed that I would tear up the very rug as I ran back and forth, kissing my Beautiful Lady's hands at each turn, talking to her as I used to do in my dog fashion, listening to her words of welcome and praise, and watching the pleasure of my master and Harry as they witnessed this most joyful meeting between my Beautiful Lady and her dear dog.

Presently I heard another familiar voice, and as I started to find it, Arthur met me and said: "Well, this is the cause then of the commotion which has disturbed me from my book. Fanny, old friend, don't you know me? Ah, of course, you do, don't you? And you can wag your long slender body and tail with that same wonderful degree of expression or feeling just as ever you did? That will do. That will do, Fanny. I understand you. Yes, you are welcome home. Well groomed, charming, and polite as ever, Fanny, we all welcome you home." Affectionately I kissed Arthur's hand.

Then back to the side of my Beautiful Lady I went, that I might listen to that voice which had not changed,

*"Into a room where the glow of a soft red light fell shadowy **everywhere.**"*

unless it were still softer and sweeter. Calling my master and Harry to her, she thanked them in her own sweet kind way, saying this was the gladdest Christmas day in all her life. A bright rosy flush came upon her cheeks, and a smile upon her face, that had not been visible when I entered her room.

This was the first Christmas since Arthur and Harry could remember that there were no guests in the home to share the gladness of the day. But the old friends were far distant and the new ones were not yet close enough to join the family reunion. The day had opened as a lonely one, and, with the stillness, all preparations had been made toward quietness and peace. But my Beautiful Lady said it seemed this was to be a Christmas day unlike all others. When I arrived — their long lost dog-companion — each heart was filled with fullness to overflowing; there was not room for any other.

The boys showed me the new home, telling me so many interesting things, but just as they thought me most interested, I would suddenly leap gracefully up the stairs to be near my Beautiful Lady and master again, and with my old-time eager way of trying to talk, I looked into her face and heard her say: "O, Fanny! Fanny! I know you are trying to tell us the story of your wanderings which are all obscure to us. Never, Fanny, have I felt the same desire to understand you as I do to-day. Never have I so much desired to interpret your thoughts which cannot find the speech of human tongue. But, Fanny, you have had your part in teaching us all much higher attainments, and, some day, we shall all understand the mysteries of life." Then I felt my dear boy-companion's arms about my neck and the broken ends of the circle of by-gone

days were again joined by those threads of which my Beautiful Lady has spoken in the beginning of our story. How it seemed they must have been doing their part, also, and why we had not noticed the threads was because they, too, were hidden in their own mysterious way, to be seen only when their work was finished.

Dear readers, I have lived one more delightful, peaceful year since the kind family made it possible for me to be restored to my Beautiful Lady. I wish you to share in the brightness which this one year contains.

You wish to know if I am happy. I truly am. Many times I have visited the Backuses, who are fast friends now of my master's family, I, of course, being the tie that binds them. Whenever I was restless my Beautiful Lady would say: "Harry, I think Fanny would like to visit her dear friends." So we would go together, and while I enjoyed the visit, I was always ready to return with him.

Arthur and Lee are about the same age, and have become close companions. Arthur is studying law. His mother thinks his power for argument his chief one, and while she had hoped to cultivate her ideal in him, yet she knew for his success nature must have its own way.

As Christmas days will never end, I draw my last pen picture of the second one in the City of Leaves. Arthur and Harry made so many bells of holly and mistletoe, hanging them in every room, and they were so natural and lovely, one watched to see them swing and ring forth the sweet Christmas carols which the shepherds heard as they sat upon those far-away eastern hillsides watching their flocks when He came with His gifts of love and mercy for all.

From the beams in the dining-room, over the long drawn out table with so many plates laid, they had twined ribbons of purple, of white and of red, and many dear doves were resting all peaceful where the ribbons had formed them a nest.

Each room in the house was retouched with some of Arthur's and Harry's handwork, but my Beautiful Lady's was the dreamland of them all. As my old habit was still upon me, I had gone back to look at her often that morning, and, at one of those times, I saw my master holding her hand fondly as in the old days. I went up and kissed both of their hands with an affection which seemed greater than ever before.

My master said: "Fanny, have you come for your share? You shall have it." Then I felt the touch of her hand together with my master's, and I knew that I had lived to find their blessings resting as one upon my head. Then the door-bell rang, and I leaped down the stairs just in time to be the first in greeting Mr. and Mrs. Backus, with their whole family. Presently everybody went to the parlor where the gifts were to be received. Arthur handed each one to Lee with a rhyme or funny saying, until the whole house rang with merry laughter and Yule-tide cheer. Even Trix and the pugs were with us and received presents.

Knowing how interested you will be in mine, I wish to tell you that I, too, have received a beautiful gift of a gold collar, with gold chain and a gold badge. On one side of my badge is the ensign for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and the inscription, "Open Thy mouth for the dumb. Proverbs 31, 8." On the other side is the date of my birth, and the inscription of my name, and below that the date when I was restored

to my old home ties, through a Providence that brings about circumstances which can correct human error.

My dog's days are nearly run, as I am now fifteen years old. I have had many reasons to bless the day I was born, and as you know, I have also experienced great unhappiness, but if the life which I have lived proves a lesson for the benefit of my fellow creatures, or is a help for even one human family to live the noblest life, then I shall be glad I passed this way.

My dear little readers, my last request to you is: that you will please never forget to add to your good-night prayer, "I will be kind to all living creatures, and I will protect them from cruel usage," and when Mercy asks to live in your hearts, do not send her away, but remember me, and since you have loved me, love Mercy.

Yours affectionately and sincerely,

FANNY